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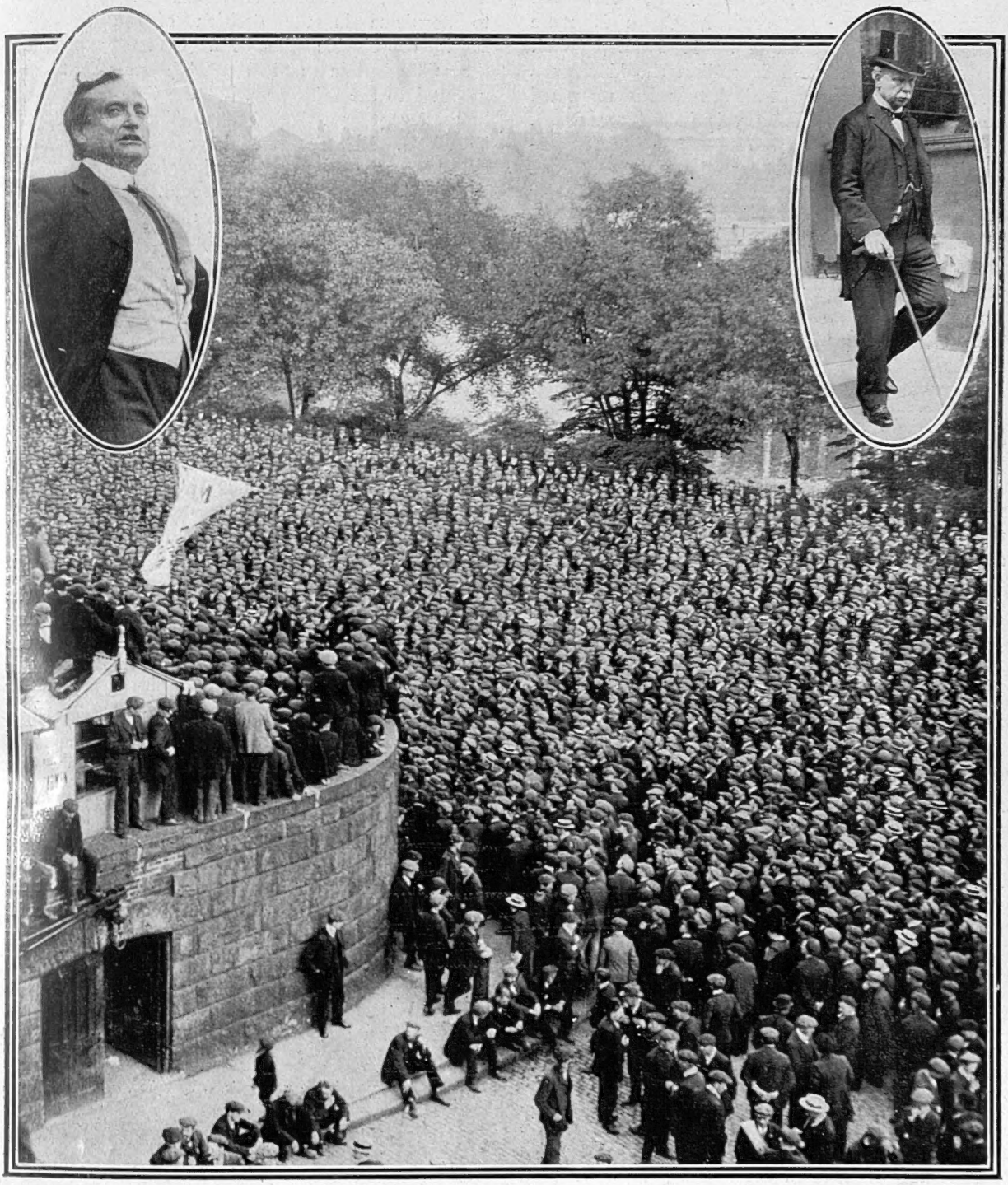
The BYSTANDER

No. 452.—Vol. XXXV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, July 31, 1912 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

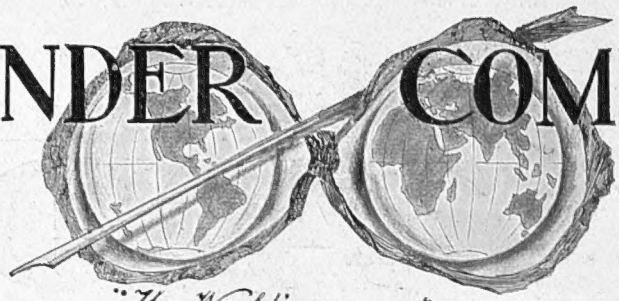


TEMPTING PROVIDENCE ON TOWER HILL

On Wednesday last, at Tower Hill, Ben Tillett invited the Deity to strike Lord Devonport dead. As yet, however (thanks possibly to the watch instituted by the police), no evil has befallen his lordship. Our photograph shows the scene of the blasphemous outburst. Inset, on the left, is Tillett, and on the right Lord Devonport

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ON VARIOUS TOPICS



OF THE TIMES

"'Twas a Famous Victory"

AT Blenheim on Saturday Mr. Law was happy and inspiring — as, indeed, what reason has the Unionist leader to be otherwise? Crewe is more than a mere snatch victory. It is a symbol. That, in a test election, Liberalism should show a falling-off of 2,400 votes, of which only eleven hundred are to be traced to Labour, is indeed significant. Thirteen hundred persons who supported the "Progressives" in 1910 now do not. A good percentage of them have evidently crossed right over, but the majority are sulking in their tents. I do not like Mr. Law's "line" about Ulster any more than I did, and think, frankly, that it is mistaken. If Home Rule is to be defeated, it must be fought from the point of view of the whole kingdom, not of one Irish group. Nevertheless, it does not seem very much to matter how the present Government is got out provided it *is* got out. The average man loathes the prospect of fresh taxation, of land or anything else, and also the possibility of any further tinkering with the liberty of the subject in the name of Social Reform. Had Mr. Law raised the standard of the Flag, Freedom, and a Good Long Rest I think everybody would have been gladder than at the promise of violence and bloodshed at Belfast.

***

Where Was Mr. Balfour?

AS to Tariff Reform, the leader chanted the needful Litany, so we returned from Blenheim our souls once again fiscally purified, and the demon of philosophic doubt dispelled. Mr. Balfour was not present. Why not? Probably he was asked, for his speeches during the Session have been clearly enough delivered on the party's behalf. Possibly it was a chivalrous desire not to cast shadows over those who are officially basking in the newly rising sun that kept him away. Also, of course, he is non-Ulsterical.

***

Waning Liberalism

TOUCHING snap divisions. Very spiteful, of course, of the "Tories" to try and turn out the Government on side-issues in the Dog Days, but human, is it not, most masterly Elibank? Insignificant as may be the effect of such things on the policy of His Majesty's Government, they have a decided effect in the minds of His Majesty's electors. It is known pretty well that a Government which cannot keep its men in the House is losing its hold over them. It is humorous, as the *Times* said, of Mr. Churchill to pretend that the Cabinet is united otherwise than in a resolve, whatever it is they say, that it shall be the same thing.

Will Mr. George Remain?

AFTER all, every Cabinet is united outwardly for, so long as a Minister remains a Minister, he is bound to acquiesce in the decision of the majority. It is conceivable that Mr. George will follow the Chamberlain and Randolph precedent and go out into the wilderness, but the Chancellor is—is he not?—rather a shrewd man. The precedents are both fatal. Neither Churchill nor Chamberlain gained either for themselves or their principles by resignation. Had Randolph remained, he would, sooner or later, have become Prime Minister: also Chamberlain. Mr. George will, therefore, remain, and his Land Policy, whatever it is, will become that of the united Radical party. Don't believe that Mr. Asquith will resist. The habit of being led by the nose is not one for which he has shown any pronounced dislike, and, at his time of life, men rarely change their tendencies. If Mr. Asquith's friends and connections (many of them wealthy and landed) should "jib" at the land taxes, there is always the Woolsack to be sat upon, and now that Lord Haldane has his £5,000 a year pension assured him, it could be made vacant at any moment.

***

Answer: Yes!

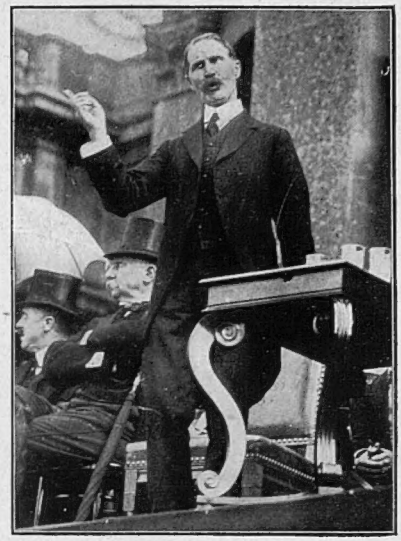
THERE are other obvious reasons for surmising that Mr. George will remain, and become the leader. Regard this Cabinet. Soon Nature herself will change its composition. Of the "Moderates," the men who are supposed to be against land taxes, three of them are plainly getting beyond the active stage. Lords Morley and Crewe are likely soon to take a well-earned rest, and Mr. (soon to be Lord) Birrell is not the man he was before that Suffragette outrage. Mr. Burns's silence on all political topics, even those of his own department, marks him out sooner or later for *his* well-earned (and well-pensioned) rest. Assuming Lord Haldane to vacate the Woolsack for the Prime Minister, we have left the three men who matter, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Churchill, and Mr. George. The struggle of the future is between these three. Sir Edward has the prior claim, having been a Minister before the two others were out of the political nursery. But he is an Imperialist, and would never hold a Radical party together. Mr. Churchill is not even a Liberal at heart, and—

> Way back upon de Tory river,
> Far, far away,
> Dat's where dis Winston's heart is ever,
> Dat's where de old folks stay.

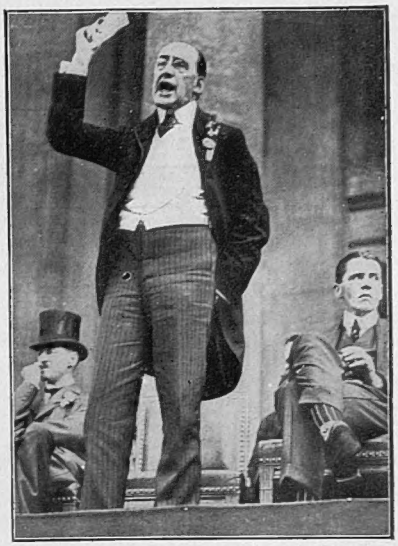
So the odds are on Mr. Lloyd George so far as the *Radical* leadership is concerned, and it is always out of Radicalism that Liberalism makes its to-morrow. The man who seeks to drive that party coach has always first to remember the rule, "Keep to the Left."

"The Sun Has Risen" LIKEWISE "The Dawn Is At Hand"

Mr. F. E. Smith



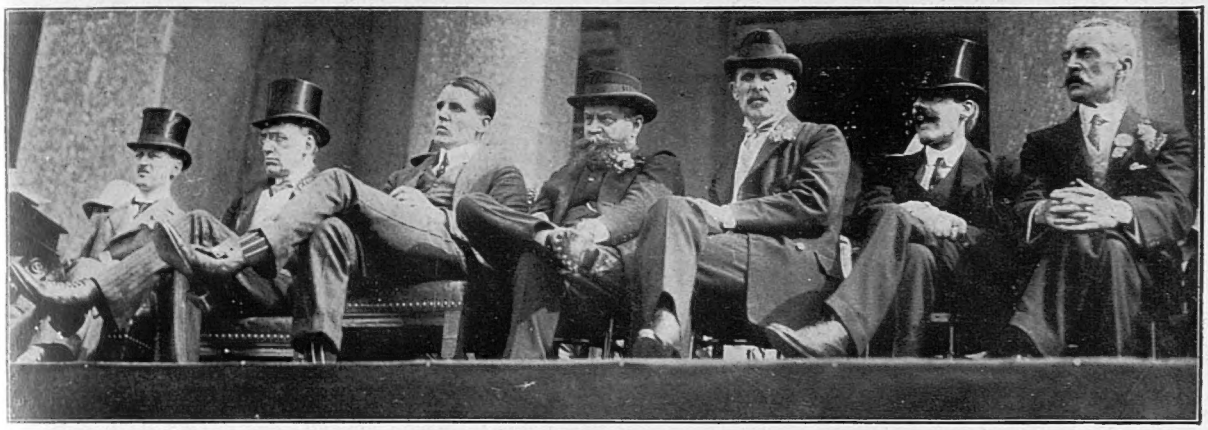
Mr. Bonar Law



Sir Edward Carson

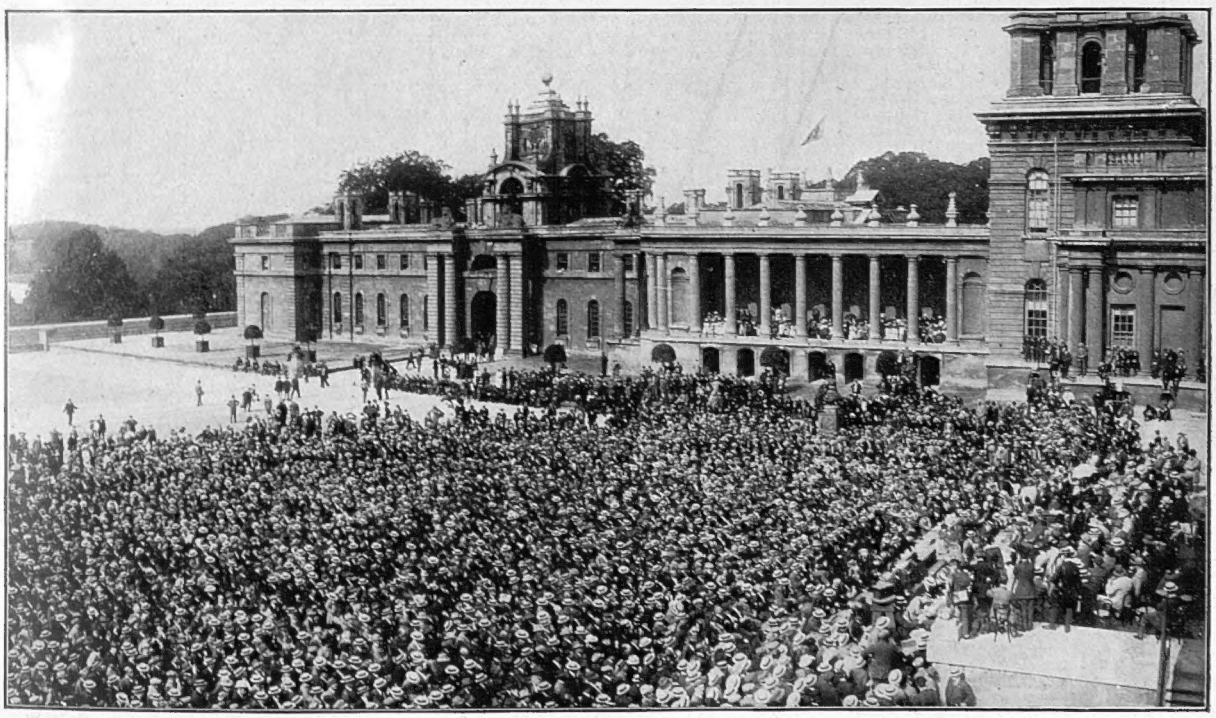
STUDIES IN ORATORICAL EXPRESSION AT BLENHEIM

The keynote of the speeches was the joy of the party over the Election at Crewe and the chances of successful resistance on the part of Ulster to Home Rule



A GROUP OF UNIONIST LEADERS—(BUT WHERE IS MR. BALFOUR?)

(*Left to right*): The Duke of Marlborough, Sir E. Carson, Mr. F. E. Smith, The Duke of Norfolk, Lord Midleton, Lord Balcarres, and Mr. J. H. Campbell, K.C., M.P.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE MEETING OF UNIONISTS AT BLENHEIM PALACE ON SATURDAY AFTERNOON

UNIONISM CELEBRATES AT BLENHEIM

"It was at Crewe,' old Bonar cried
"We put the Rads to rout,
And now wherever else we go
We'll turn the beggars out;
For things like this we're going to see
At many a famous victory."

SOUTHEY *adapted*

THE FAMOUS VICTORY OF CREWE

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE. "EVERYBODY'S DOING IT!" REVUE. LYDIA KYASHT, in "THE WATER NYMPH," THREE RUBES, MAX FRANKLIN TROUPE, and Varieties. EVENINGS, at 8. Manager, ARTHUR ALDIN.

DALY'S THEATRE. Every Evening, at 8.15. MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' New Production, "GIPSY LOVE," a MUSICAL PLAY in 3 Acts. English Libretto by Basil Hood. Lyrics by Adrian Ross. Music by FRANZ LEHAR. Mat., Sats., at 2. Tel. 201 Ger.

GARRICK. "FIND THE WOMAN." A Play in Four Acts by CHARLES KLEIN. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AND VIOLET VANBRUGH. EVERY EVENING, at 8.30. MATINÉE, WEDNESDAYS, at 2.30.

GAIETY THEATRE. Manager, MR. GEORGE EDWARDES. Every Evening, at 8. MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' new production, "THE SUNSHINE GIRL," a Musical Play in Two Acts. Box Office open 10 to 10.

WYNDHAM'S THEATRE. Every Evening, at 8.40. GERALD du MAURIER and Company in a New Comedy "JELF'S," By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL. MATINÉES, Every Wednesday and Saturday, at 2.40.

PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE. Every Evening, at 9. MISS MARIE TEMPEST produces "AT THE BARN," by ANTHONY P. WHARTON. At 8.20, "LITTLE RED SHOES," by HAROLD BRIGHOUSE. MATINÉES, Weds. and Sats. (both plays), at 2.20.

COLISEUM, CHARING CROSS. Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8. M. THEODORE KOSLOFF IN "SCHEHERAZADE," THE IRISH PLAYERS, ALBERT CHEVALIER, RAYMOND PHILLIPS, and Star Co. 6*d.* to 7*s.* 6*d.* 7541 Gerrard.

LONDON HIPPODROME. Daily, 2.30 and 8. ETHEL IRVING and CO. in "DOLLY'S LITTLE BILLS," CHUNG LING SOO, CLARICE MAYNE, PIPIFAX and PANLO, F. CORWEY, and Star Co. 1*s.* to £4 4*s.* 650 Gerrard.

PALLADIUM. ARGYLL STREET, W. ALWAYS THE BEST ENTERTAINMENT IN LONDON. Two performances daily, 6.20 and 9.10. Matinées, Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, 2.30. Admission from 6*d.* to 5*s.* Private Boxes, 10*s.* 6*d.*, 15*s.*, and £1 1*s.* Herbert Sleath & Co. in "The Littlest Girl," Ruth Vincent, Louis Bradfield & Co., Jean Aylwin, Arthur Playfair, Oscar and Susette, Musical Gardeners. Robledillo, Sisters Trapnell, The Romps, Varieties, etc., etc.

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This Insurance extends from and includes Tuesday, the 30th day of July, 1912, to the midnight of Wednesday, the 7th day of August, 1912.

The possession of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket is admitted to be the payment of a premium under Sec 33 of the Act. A print of the Act can be seen at the Principal Office of the Corporation.

This Insurance holds good in the case of a Railway Servant travelling with a pass in a passengers' compartment.

Signature .....

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The 13-days' Cruise of the "VECTIS" (6,000 tons), on August 16 from London will embrace most of the beautiful Fjords of Southern Norway.

The "MANTUA'S" (11,500 tons) 13-days' Cruise (August 28) will, besides the Sogne Fjord, Bergen and the Hardanger, include visits to Christiania and a stay of two days at Copenhagen.

Illustrated Programme and Plans of the Ships on application as below.

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RUSSIA, SWEDEN, &c.	Cr. D—August 2 — 24	Days.
*NORWEGIAN FJORDS	Cr. 7—August 16 — 13	Days.
*NORWAY, COPENHAGEN, &c....	Cr. E—August 28 — 13	Days.
DALMATIA, VENICE, &c.	Cr. 8—Sept. 6 — 29	Days.
MADEIRA, TENERIFFE, &c.	Cr. F—Sept. 12 — 19	Days.

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Cr. 6. BALTIC & RUSSIA.....	24 Aug	24 days
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Cr. 8 HOLY LAND & EGYPT.....	9 Oct	29 days
Cr. 9. ALGERIA, SPAIN, &c.	9 Nov	15 days

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THE VOICE OF BETHIA. By Thomas Cobb. (Mills and Boon: 6*s.*)
STORIES WITHOUT TEARS. By Barry Pain. (Mills and Boon: 6*s.*)
INHERITANCE. By S. Martin. (Ouseley: 6*s.*)
THE WHITE SLAVE MARKET. By Mrs. A. MacKirdy. (Stanley Paul: 5*s.* net.)
CRICKET (BATSMANSHIP). By C. B. Fry. (Eveleigh Nash: 2*s.* net.)
THE MEANING OF LIBERALISM. By J. M. Robertson. (Methuen: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)
THE LIKENESS OF THE NIGHT. By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. (Duckworth: 1*s.* 6*d.* net.)
BECKY. By Helen Mathers. (Arthur Pearson: 1*s.* net.)
THRILLING STORIES OF THE RAILWAY. By V. L. Whitechurch. (Arthur Pearson: 1*s.* net.)
THE BLUE BIRD'S-EYE. By G. Edgar. (Mills and Boon: 6*s.*)
THE SILENCE BROKEN. By Mrs. B. Reynolds. (Mills and Boon: 6*s.*)
THE SWELLING OF JORDAN. By Coralie Stanton and H. Hosken. (Stanley Paul: 6*s.*)
RANDOLPH CALDECOTT'S SKETCHES. Introduction by H. Blackburn. (Low: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)
A SHORT HISTORY OF MUSIC IN ENGLAND. By Ernest Ford. (Low: 5*s.* net.)
THE ROSE OF LIFE. By Effie Rowlands. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)
THE MISSING MISS RANDOLPH. By Marie C. Leighton. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)
THE MASTER OF HELMESMERE. By Lilias H. Dixon. (Griffiths: 6*s.*)
THROUGH THE HEART OF AFRICA. By F. H. Melland and E. H. Cholmeley. (Constable: 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)
SONGS OUT OF EXILE. By C. Gouldsbury. (Fisher Unwin: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)
THE RIDGE OF THE WHITE WATERS. By W. C. Scully. (Stanley Paul: 6*s.* net.)
BRIGHT SHAME. By K. Snowden. (Stanley Paul: 6*s.*)
THE BAN. By L. Lurgan. (Stanley Paul: 6*s.*)
THE WASTER. By Mrs. H. Tippett. (Long: 6*s.*)

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The Last Gasps of the London Season

The Situation

WHATEVER the state of our political nerves, affairs are, it is consoling for Society to reflect, in much calmer condition than they were this time last year. Then the crisis in Morocco and the Passing of the Veto not only kept the King from Goodwood, but also, to the rage and despair of hostesses, both the Houses sitting till Cowes was over and even grouse had been, in the hottest summer on record, several weeks upon the wing.

***

August Apathy

ACCORDING to a Parliamentary correspondent, seldom more than a dozen at a time of our legislators have met together at Westminster for weeks, while, as for the Lords, one has not heard of them in a legislative direction at all. Not even fears as to the Navy have served to divert the attention of peers from the pleasures in which it is our duty to believe they are so desperately steeped.

***

The State of the Rural Mind

THOSE who think this year that the countryside is likely to provide an escape from politics will probably be disillusioned painfully when they get there. All those who have been in rural districts lately report that a state of red revolution exists among the cottagers against the Insurance Act, now that actual payments are being made. However well the Government may save itself at Hanley and such districts, it is likely, I venture to prophesy, to suffer very much when next there is a vacancy in an agricultural constituency.

***

A Plea for the Plebeian

A LOVER of the "good old times" has been complaining bitterly to THE BYSTANDER that Cowes is no longer what it was. The tripper element, apparently, is very much in evidence nowadays, and this year, when the regatta opens on a Bank Holiday, it is likely to be more noticeable than ever. Further, the people whom our friend is pleased to christen "the real regatta folk" are inconvenienced by the crowded state of the Cowes High Street, for "what with the trippers, the itinerant street-hawkers, and the inhabitants themselves, the little narrow street is apt to become very disagreeable." THE BYSTANDER is very sorry about all this. Of course, it would be delightful could both the water and the earth be kept for those who are, let us say, eligible for tickets (not transferable) to the Royal Enclosure at Ascot, but pending such a desirable state of things, he feels inclined to put in a plea for the inhabitants themselves. After all, it is their High Street.

***

Commercial Candour

THE proprietor of a restaurant occasionally patronised by the Bystander-in-a-Hurry "begs to announce to his customers that, owing to the improvements being made in Fleet Street, he is compelled to close his establishment for a few weeks." If only

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

THE MISSES KATHLEEN, DINAH, AND FRANCES TENNANT, NIECES OF THE PRIME MINISTER. MISS FRANCES TENNANT (WHO IS ON THE RIGHT) WAS MARRIED TO MR. GUY CHARTERIS LAST WEEK

Queenly Activities—Illustrated

ROYAL VISITING DAY AT ALTON

On Friday of last week Queen Alexandra, together with Queen Amelie of Portugal, visited Sir William Treloar's hospital and college for crippled children at Alton, Hants. Our photograph shows their Majesties inspecting the grounds

one or two newspapers whose names we would not mention for worlds, could see matters in the same light!

* *
*

That Child Again!

I SEE that the "Hullo! Queen" child has bobbed up again—this time at the Treloar Cripple Home, and on the visit there of Queen Alexandra. She must, by now, be getting quite mature, as it is several years since she last found her way into the halfpenny papers. The idea that it may be another child than the last is to be dismissed. It goes without saying that the hospital authorities will have warned the youngsters to expect the august visitor, whose status will have been pretty plainly impressed upon them, and a child who would call out "Hullo! Queen" is an abnormality likely to repeat itself only at rare intervals. (I am dismissing altogether the possibility that the little creature is the reporter of the halfpenny paper that got the story.)

* *
*

The Cook Dinner

THE fact that editors of every shade of opinion, engaged in the daily and weekly task of giving each other hard knocks, can cheerfully sit down at tables with one another and chat merrily without a word of rancour is one that astounds the Intelligent Foreigner. Yet this is exactly what happened at last week's dinner to Sir Edward Cook at the Cecil. Not only, the I.F may be informed, are rival protagonists able to exchange civilities, but they are actually personally friendly one with another, and when, as in the case of Sir Edward Cook, a good fighter for one of the great parties retires, he is honoured by the whole of his working colleagues, presided over by a journalist who has risen to very high Cabinet rank, and supported by another who has held a Vice-Royalty and pacified a continent—(I mean Lords Morley and Milner).

* *
*

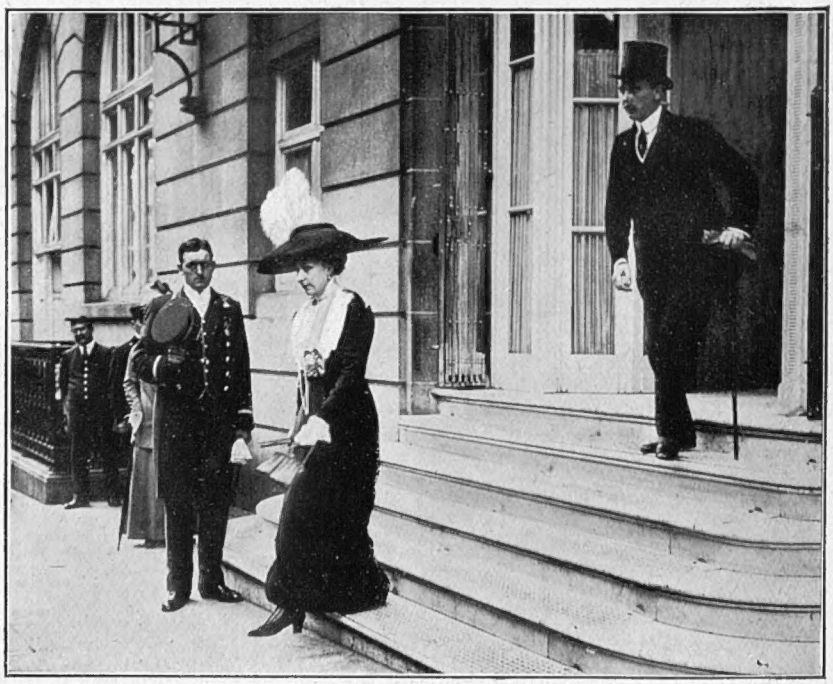
A Hit at the Expert

MANY interesting and amusing things were said, but that which pleased me most was Sir Edward Cook's own hit at the preposterous theory that the pressman needs to be an expert on the subject on which he writes. "I regard the journalist as the middle-man between the expert and the ignoramus," he said, "and it is often only by writing about a subject that one gets to know all about it." The doctrine "Teach that ye may learn," newly enunciated by a past master, deserves to be borne in mind by those who contemplate entering the journalistic field. Given the possession of an open mind and the power rapidly to digest the main points of any subject from Imperial politics upwards, no young man need despair. In years to come he, too, may be issuing political policies to the number of seven a week that he may run who reads.

* *
*

As An Extra

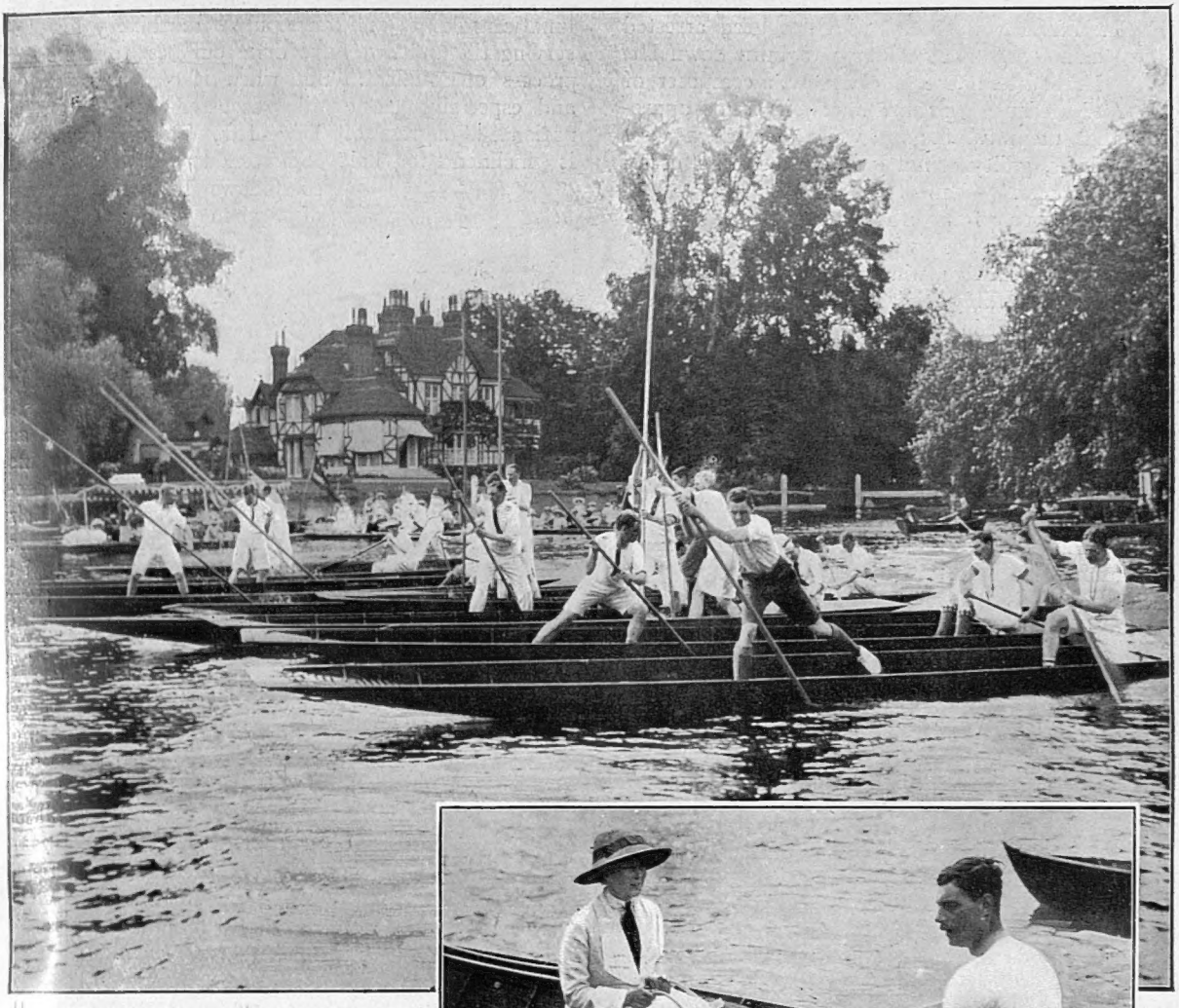
WITH this issue, as an extra Supplement, is presented a cartoon by Mr. E. T. Reed, entitled "The (Vanished) Doctor"—Modified in Accordance with the Conditions of the Insurance Act. I doubt if a ludicrous situation has ever received a more ludicrously apt expression.



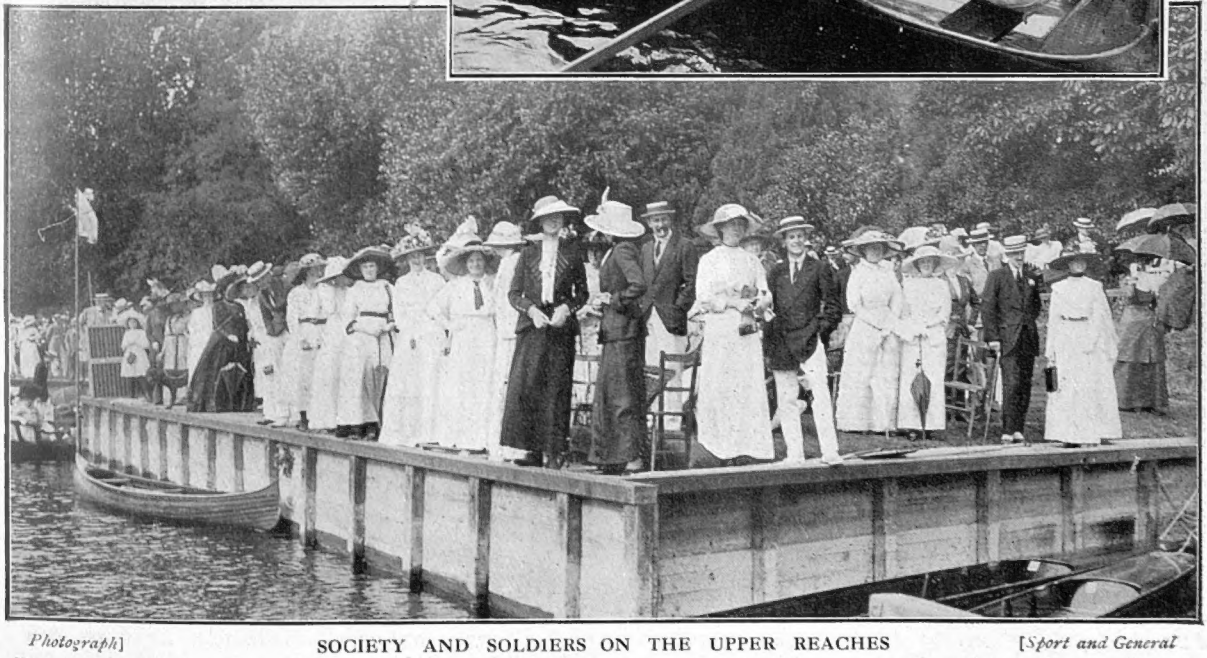
THE QUEEN OF SPAIN, FOLLOWED BY PRINCE LEOPOLD, LEAVING THE RITZ HOTEL

Her Majesty goes to the Isle of Wight this week, and returns to Spain in the middle of next month

Strenuous Aquatics at Maidenhead



THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE REGATTA



Photograph] SOCIETY AND SOLDIERS ON THE UPPER REACHES [*Sport and General*

We are now fully immersed in the "aquatic" season. The Guards' Regatta at Maidenhead last week was a success both from a social and meteorological standpoint. Some good racing resulted, and the lawns of Orkney Cottage, lent for the occasion by the Hon. Harry Lawson, M.P., presented a scene of unparalleled animation. Our first picture shows the start of the punting race. Lord and Lady Dalrymple are seen in the inset (her ladyship acting as cox. in her husband's boat), and the last photograph shows spectators watching the mop-fighting from the lawn

"The Wreckers"—and the Eugenists

Wrecking Their Ideals

DR. ETHEL SMYTH, who has been arrested on a charge of attempting to burn down Mr. Harcourt's house, is, of course, a composer of note. And, under the circumstances, it seems appropriate that the most famous work of such a very militant lady, guilty or not guilty, should be called "The Wreckers." Unfortunately, however, from the point of view of anybody who believes in the Suffrage, what these almost incredibly foolish ladies have succeeded in wrecking is not so much the houses of their enemies as the aspirations of their friends. The militants might, by the way, study the plot of Dr. Smyth's own opera to advantage. If I remember rightly, the heroine, guilty of breaking the conventions of the society in which she lived, perished miserably in a cave—without even the opportunity of "forcible feeding."

* * *

The Eugenics Congress

THE question of Eugenics is, I suppose, really the question of the day. It is obviously absurd to talk about leaving the future of the human race to "natural selection" when by the curtailment of disease, the infrequency of wars, the institution of innumerable lunatic asylums, and other public machinery for preserving the unfit, we have done our best to make the process of no effect. But when it comes to details, and especially the details discussed at the International Congress of Eugenists, THE BYSTANDER is inclined to halt between two opinions—and so follows his usual maxim of "when in doubt, follow Mr. Balfour." For, really, Mr. Balfour did talk very much to the point. There is a real danger of the Eugenic movement becoming dominated by all the cranks who invariably attach themselves to the latest theory in anything. Just as many people are vegetarians not because they like vegetables, but on account of their love for an "ism," so some few people seem to me to be Eugenists, not because they want to see a multitude of healthy babies, but owing to a passion for novel and arbitrary experiment. Besides, there really is something to be said on the other side. Both Napoleon and Mahomet are reported to have been epileptoid, and THE BYSTANDER would be prepared to sacrifice a wilderness of "normal well-developed human organisms" for either of them.

DR. ETHEL SMYTH

Who was acquitted last week on a charge of being concerned in the alleged Suffragette attempt to fire Mr. Lewis Harcourt's house at Nuneham, is best known as the composer of "The Wreckers."

POLEMICS re EUGENICS: A GROUP OF RACE "CULTURISTS"?

An interesting discussion on race-culture took place at the Congress on Eugenics opened recently at the Hotel Cecil before a select party and Mr. Balfour. We hope and trust that the distinguished Eugenists put into practice the principles which they are so anxious to enforce upon other people

London Al Fresco

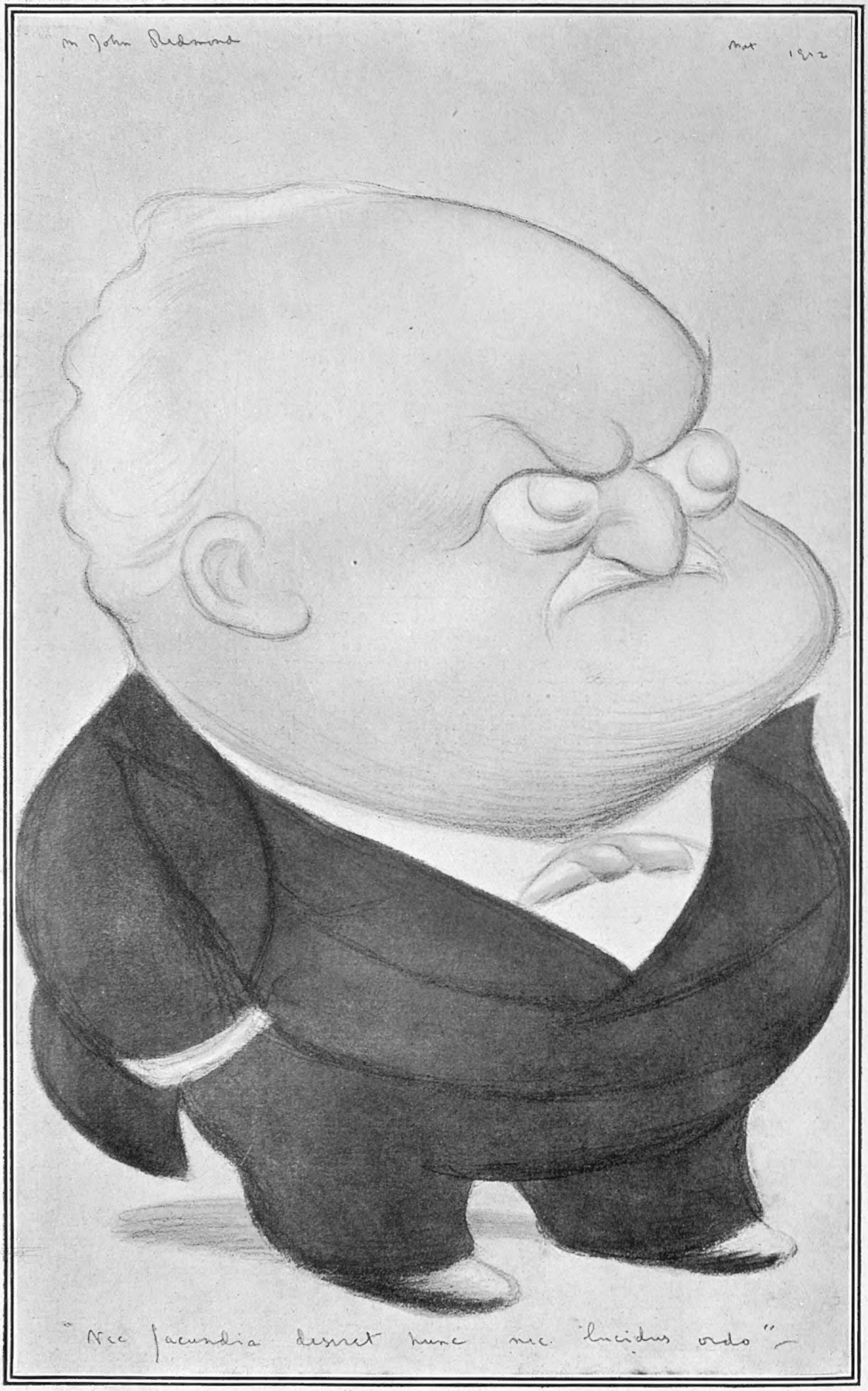
TWO PLACES WHERE THE CONTINENTAL SYSTEM HAS BEEN INTRODUCED

LUNCH-TIME IN THE EMBANKMENT GARDENS CAFÉ

Following our protest against the absence in London of *al fresco* places of refreshment, we despatched our photographer to the two known resorts, viz., the tea-gardens on the Thames Embankment and in Kensington Gardens. The camera cannot lie, and here are its records. Embankment Gardens (1.30 p.m., weather hot). Practically empty. Kensington Gardens (4.30 p.m.). Full and fashionable. The observation would appear to be that *al fresco* refreshment is beginning furtively to flourish in the West End, but in the central districts it makes no progress whatever. Why is this so? What hope is there of rational progress unless the citizens of the metropolis themselves take a step forward?

TEA-TIME IN KENSINGTON GARDENS

MEN WHO MATTER. *By "MAX"*



NO. XIII.—MR. JOHN REDMOND

The Next Phase of the Irish Question

Irish Expectancy of Further Spoils

"POSITIVELY licking their lips in anticipation of spoils." That is the description given me by a Unionist visitor to Dublin during the Asquith visit. Everywhere he went he found Irish officialdom glad and happy not because of what they expect from the Home Rule government in Dublin, but of what they hope to be able to squeeze out of the Imperial one. For is Ireland not to have forty-two members at Westminster, and are we to suppose that these gentry will concern themselves any the less for the "good" of their country? Forty-two votes are only forty-two, but they count eighty-four on a division, and that will be quite enough to keep in or turn out any Government we are likely to have for many years to come. The "price" of their support will, in the glorious days to come, be reckoned in £ *s. d.* Having given Ireland her freedom, "shure and to goodness John, ye wadn't be denyin' a paltry hundred thousand" for this and that and the other. And M.P.'s, anxious to retain *sir* £400 a year, are little likely to be in the humour to resist! Those who claim that the grant of Home Rule will rid England of Irish importunity show an ignorance of Hibernian nature.

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A Vital Question

TALKING of Home Rule, what precisely will be the official name of this realm when the Bill has passed? At present we are known throughout the world as the United Kingdom — short, the U.K. That designation will henceforth be ours no longer. As the Bill clearly makes Ireland a distinct nation, in which the King acts as a distinct entity, we shall become, like Austria-Hungary, a Dual-Monarchy. I know pure Unionism is getting a little out of date, but do we realise quite the enormity of the act that is being accomplished? Do we forget that, of all parlous governmental states, that of a Dual-Monarchy is the most ill-fated? Austria and Hungary are the most disunited of all European States, despite their possession of the same monarch, while Norway and Sweden cut the painter years ago. The Government had it in their power to make the Home Rule scheme federal, and in neglecting the opportunity they have probably committed the gravest political blunder of modern times.

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Rival Democrats Defined

"YOUR definition," writes "Non-Democrat," "of the difference between a Tory and a Radical Democrat is good, but it falls short of the cynical standard of THE BYSTANDER. I beg to move that it be amended as follows:

"A Tory Democrat is one who *betrays* the people in the service of the State, and the Radical Democrat is one who betrays the State in the service of the people."

My thanks to "Non-Democrat." He hath spoken.

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On the Sex Problem in Oysters

TO Dr. Edmond Perrier, of the French Museum of Natural History, we are indebted for some interesting facts connected with the sex of oysters. How far these adjust themselves to the general principles of biology I am unable authoritatively to say. "The sex of an oyster," says Dr. Perrier, "often varies in the same subject." In that respect the oyster is not peculiar. "A male oyster will change into half-male, half-female, and then into a female without apparent cause." Why, oh why, should a bi-sexed bivalve elect, as a last resort, to become feminine? Perhaps some reader can come to my aid. At present I am at a loss to understand how, in a state of life wherein the lips are kept permanently closed, the female species can exist at all. I pass, acquiescent, Dr. Perrier's declaration that "the female oyster is undoubtedly the superior sex, that the male is weaker and inferior in every way." That this is the case with us, too, no doubt appears to exist. The proposition, however, that "when badly nourished a female oyster will degenerate into a male," affords food for comparison with our own species. With us, of late years, it has been the other way about. The female has been "badly (and forcibly) nourished," as the consequence, not the cause, of having masculinised herself.

THE SPIDER'S WEB—DUBLIN, JULY, 1912
Triumphal presentation of a large and most promising Fly
(Terrific cheering from the unparalleled assembly of Spiders)
By E. T. REED

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The Extreme Limit

MR. BEN TILLETT has publicly invited the Deity to strike Lord Devonport dead. We have protested, in our turn, against the intrusion of the name of the King into party politics, but—well! Besides, the Deity may think (I don't want to be personal to Mr. Tillett) that there are others having prior claim on the activities of the destroying angel. That operative, in turn, may, if he is really to be sent on duty in British politics, anticipate the certainty of being overworked by going on strike himself!

THE VISIT OF THE KING OF SPAIN TO PAMPLONA

The King conversing with the aviators, Mme. Driacourt and M. Garnier, after their brilliant flight. On the left is the celebrated aviator Vedrines. King Alfonso pays his annual visit to England this week, and will return to San Sebastian with the Queen (who is at present staying with her mother, Princess Henry of Battenberg) on or about August 12

"UNEASY LIES THE HEAD"

IN all the fairy-tales of our youth we used to read that the hero married the king's daughter—note this, ye anti-feminists!—and, therefore, became the heir to the throne. And having done this he was supposed to be bound to live happily ever afterwards. Perhaps it was so once, but now. . . .! We say nothing of kings' daughters; probably they are as irresistible as ever, though we have our doubts, but we are quite sure that kingship is not synonymous with happiness in these days. Indeed, we sometimes wonder if the two are even compatible. Think of the two unfortunate monarchs whose photographs are published on these two pages. King Victor, one of the most deserving and hard-working men in Europe, who seems to spend his life in thinking how best to serve the nation of which he is supposed to be the master, who is always the first at the earthquakes, the floods, all the various disasters that periodically visit the Italian peninsula — he is in continual danger of being summarily removed from the sphere of his labours by one of a not inconsiderable band of fanatics to whom his mere existence appears a crime!

King Alfonso, again, who is credibly reported to be unconventional in his tastes, who certainly takes every opportunity of showing his enthusiasm for motors and flying-machines and everything modern, —he is condemned to pass his life in a Court renowned for the strictness of its ceremonials and the antiquity of its customs, where nothing that was not fashionable two hundred years ago can be considered even tolerable to-day!

Would not these two unfortunate gentlemen barter half their worldly wealth to . . . regain their freedom? How happy King Victor might be as Chairman of a County Council! How satisfied King Alfonso, could he but sink to that glorious career known as being *dans les automobiles*.

So that when Mr. Keir Hardie, with that delicious simplicity that is all his own, tells us that a nation which supports a King must be lunatic, we would beg him not to study history, which requires mental effort, or at least a walk to the Free Library, but just to read the papers. There he will be able to follow the movements of various over-worked individuals, the servants of every man but themselves, whose every gesture is a subject of comment, never allowed to be original, hardly allowed to be human, so strong is the glare of the limelight on their every action. The pittance which they receive for their service seems miserable enough when we think of the nature of the sacrifices required of them. We have it on the best authority that it is an unprofitable bargain to barter one's soul for the whole world—much less England, Italy, or Spain. No, no, Mr. Keir Hardie, if the question of lunacy comes in at all it is not on the side of the nation. But, unfortunately, there is a thing called duty which many people—we acquit Mr. Hardie of the charge—prefer to regard as non-existent because they do not want it to exist.

Prepared for Posterity

KING VICTOR EMMANUEL III., FROM THE PORTRAIT BY SABATINI, DESTINED TO ADORN THE WALLS OF THE ITALIAN EMBASSY IN LONDON

King Victor, like King George, is very popular with the democracy, and is always to the fore when an event of any national importance takes place

THE DECLINE OF AUTHORITY

AN APPEAL TO UNIONISTS

Kicking

There is one characteristic peculiar to the present time which cannot be paralleled exactly in any period of history—to wit, the revolt against authority. There have, of course, always been revolts against Government and authority generally, but never a revolt so widespread or so multiform as is manifest in England to-day. And we are not thinking for the moment of comparatively mild persons like the passive-resisting Nonconformists or the Lloyd George boycotting doctor. We have in our minds people who intend to kick against the pricks just as hard as ever they can, to show their contempt, if for no better reason. Think of them all! First and foremost, of course, the Suffragettes; then a whole army of strikers of various denominations; Protestant extremists from Ulster, headed, of all people in the world, by a former Law Officer of the Crown, and now, lastly, the band of heroes and heroines pledged to resist the Insurance Act to their last breath—or, perhaps better, their last threepence. It is all very strange and rather bewildering. Soon there will be not one of us without at least two or three friends in prison for some offence or other! Even now, what with window-smashers and the like, it may be said to be quite unusual, but in the future it will be positively dowdy not to know somebody in Holloway or Wormwood Scrubbs. Indeed, if matters go on as they are doing at present, there will soon have to be a few special establishments for those who have never defied the Government, while the rest of the country is laid under strict martial law.

Political Alcoholism

Joking apart, however, such a state of things is good for nobody and nothing, except the prisons—perhaps the most satisfactory feature of the Suffragette campaign is the improvement it has already effected in their management—because once any person over twenty-four has tasted the heady wine of Anarchy it is extremely difficult henceforward to satisfy him or her with the barley-water of normal government. This wholly artificial age-limit is important; firstly, because that is, roughly, the age when the English youth reaches something approaching the discretion which is supposed to be associated with the equally artificial age-limit of twenty-one; secondly, because, as a rule, no very young person who has not played at brandishing the thunders of revolution is worth troubling about at all. But there is a limit to everything; and when it comes to some of our most serious and enthusiastic men and women devoting energies which should be employed for the good of their country to profitless struggles "agin the Government," one is bound to feel that that limit has been considerably overpassed.

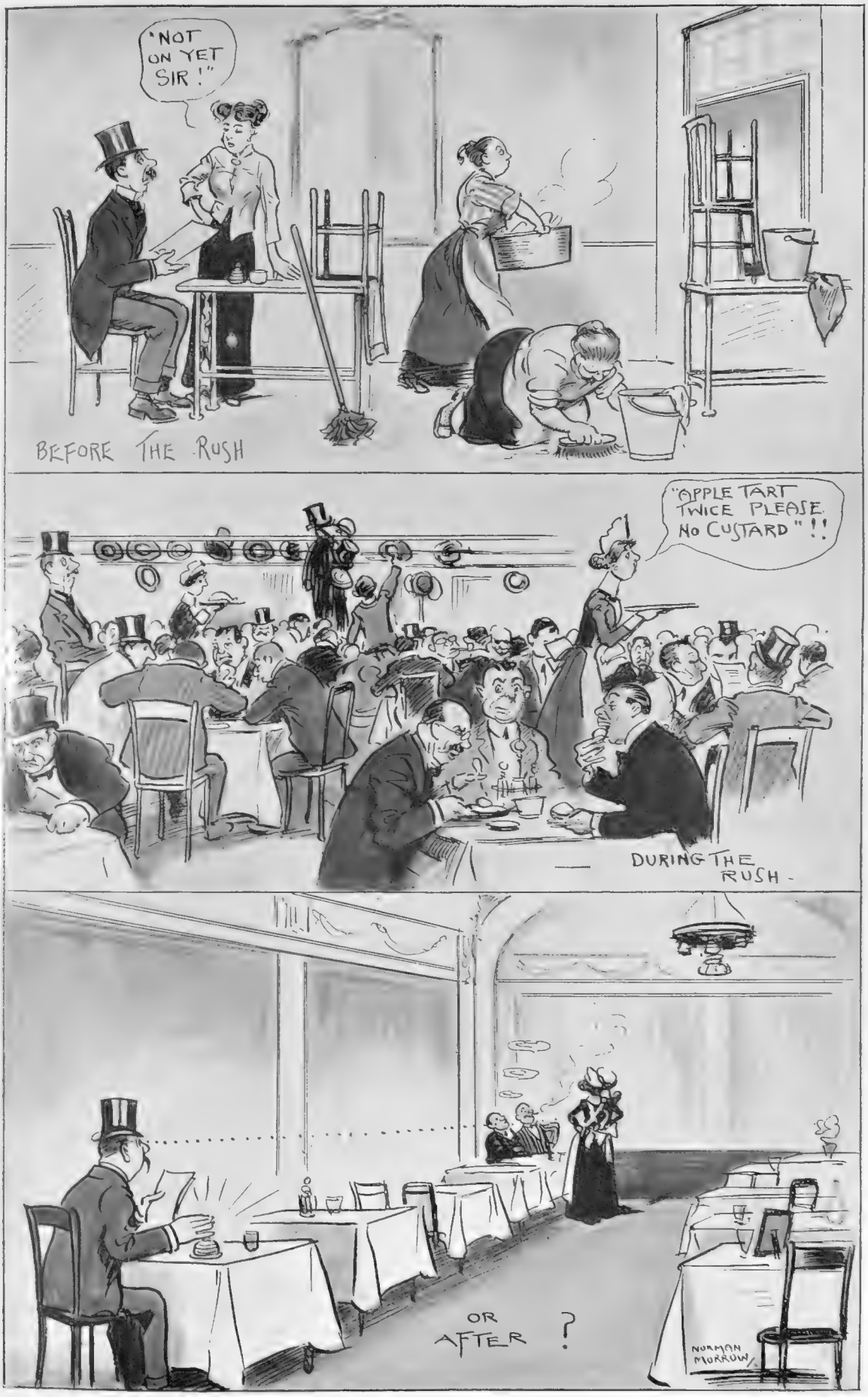
The Disease

Is there a remedy, and, if so, what? Nobody, perhaps, can answer the question; but of one thing we may be sure: no cure of the disease is possible till some attempt is made at diagnosis. And that has emphatically not been done—at least, not to THE BYSTANDER's knowledge. Yet the case is surely simple enough. Authority is of no account to-day because people do not recognise the moral sanction on which all authority ultimately must rest. If they did, they might fret, a few might even kick, but of any widespread general revolt there would be no sign. Nor, as a matter of fact, is it particularly surprising that authority has fallen into discredit. When you have the "two great parties" treated like mere machines; the traffic in honours a common subject of jest even among the uninformed; the peccadilloes of the governing classes magnified and advertised in every sensational newspaper, what on earth else could be expected? It is the same old story: Cynicism carries with it an anti-toxin far more potent than itself, and governmental cynicism in this country has been pretty flagrant of late years. Not that the Tories are angels of light in this matter, and the Radicals—well, the opposite. On the contrary it is regrettable, but true, that the ordinary sensible man in this country is beginning to take as his motto, "A plague on both your houses." But the cynicism of the Radicals is infinitely more provocative, partly because of their specious "principles" and catchwords, mostly because they seem to be generically "wobblers." And "wobblers" are just what honest men most loathe—which explains the almost invariable conjunction of unrest with the existence of a Radical Government. For one can suffer ordinary fools or even blackguards gladly, but not fools or blackguards whose passion it is always to imitate a weathercock in a typhoon.

The Remedy

If, however, authority is to be restored in England, it is absurd to think that it can be done by bolstering up old superstitions and supporting already lost causes. What we need is a group of people who will come forward with a bold, thoroughly up-to-date programme of reform based on definitions of "good" and "bad" to which the vast majority of thinking people can give whole-hearted adherence. Nor should such a thing be impossible. In spite of the extraordinary divisions of opinion among us there is a general social sense pervading all contemporary thinkers, not merely immoralists, that should serve the purpose well enough. In spite of the jeers and the witticisms of the foolish, there was never a time when unaffected sincerity and disinterestedness of motive had more influence—*outside* Parliament. The Unionist party are credibly reported to need a programme and a war-cry. Let them dare greatly and attempt the reorganisation of Society in exactly the opposite manner to that practised by ordinary politicians, whether Tory or Radical, beginning, let us say, with the exclusion of practising lawyers from public office. And for a war-cry why not "Back to Disraeli"? They would be surprised at the forces ready to muster round their standard. F. T.

A Problem for City Men



WHICH IS THE BEST TIME TO LUNCH?

BY NORMAN MORROW

The Bystander in PARIS

DRIFTING INTO DECADENCE

An Object Lesson

THE shocking example as an object lesson and the object lesson itself are, if not quite as old as the hills, at all events as old as the Ancient Greeks. I know that, because the story of the Ancient Greeks and their trick of intoxicating slaves as a shocking example to their sons used to be such a nuisance to me at school. We are bigger than schoolboys now, and if I had my way with most of you, I should be very much inclined to make you write the names and sins of all the Cabinet Ministers out five hundred times to punish you for not paying a little more attention to object lessons which are set before you. I am not joking a bit. I was listening to a clever Frenchman the other day who had just returned from a visit to London. He told me that what had struck him most during his stay in London was the curious way in which Englishmen were drifting into the mental attitude of "Oh, well, I suppose it can't be helped." He said that if things went on like this much longer the British National Anthem would have to be changed to "What's the good of anyfink, why nuffink!"

Payment of Members

I DON'T propose to lecture you on Socialism, but it is an undoubted fact that Monsieur Millerand used to be a Socialist. It is another fact that he is Minister of War, and that now he is no more a Socialist than I am, not because there is any real change in the man, but simply because he has found out for himself that a Socialist cannot make laws for his country's good. You have allowed yourselves to drift into paying Members of Parliament. I suppose none of the people who allowed such a thing to become law had followed the goings-on of the paid French Member of the Chamber of Deputies, or had ever met a French Deputy face to face. Some of them are very decent little fellows, and some of them are quite clever, but the business of Parliament in France is the good of the members, and not the country's good, and my French friend is very certain that you at home are drifting into the same stagnant and evil-smelling backwater. An English Member of Parliament used to be the *ne plus ultra* in terms of respect on the Continent. It will not be so for long, and I am not at all sure that it is now.

Photograph *Bert*

MLLE. LÉLIA OF THE CAPUCINES

She is here seen in the operette "Sapho," a dramatic character which shows no signs of losing its popularity in Paris

"Cruel to be Kind"

IT must have happened to all of you, when you have tied your boat up under a tree, to notice the enormous difference in direction which a touch will give it. The touch may be infinitesimal, and unintentional. When it is unintentional the boat does the most unexpected things. "I suppose I meant too well" is what the man said when he rammed his punt pole too deeply into the bed of the river. That didn't prevent the people on the bank and in the boats from laughing themselves sick when he slowly and ungracefully subsided into the water. Just at present French Ministerial minds are hard at work inquiring into crime. They are very uneasy because of the increase of crime, and they are rapidly arriving at the conclusion that crime is a disease. It has not occurred to them yet that excessive humanitarianism is a disease too, and that there is nothing very much amiss with the "cruel only to be kind idea," although it happens to be an old one.

The Modern Idea

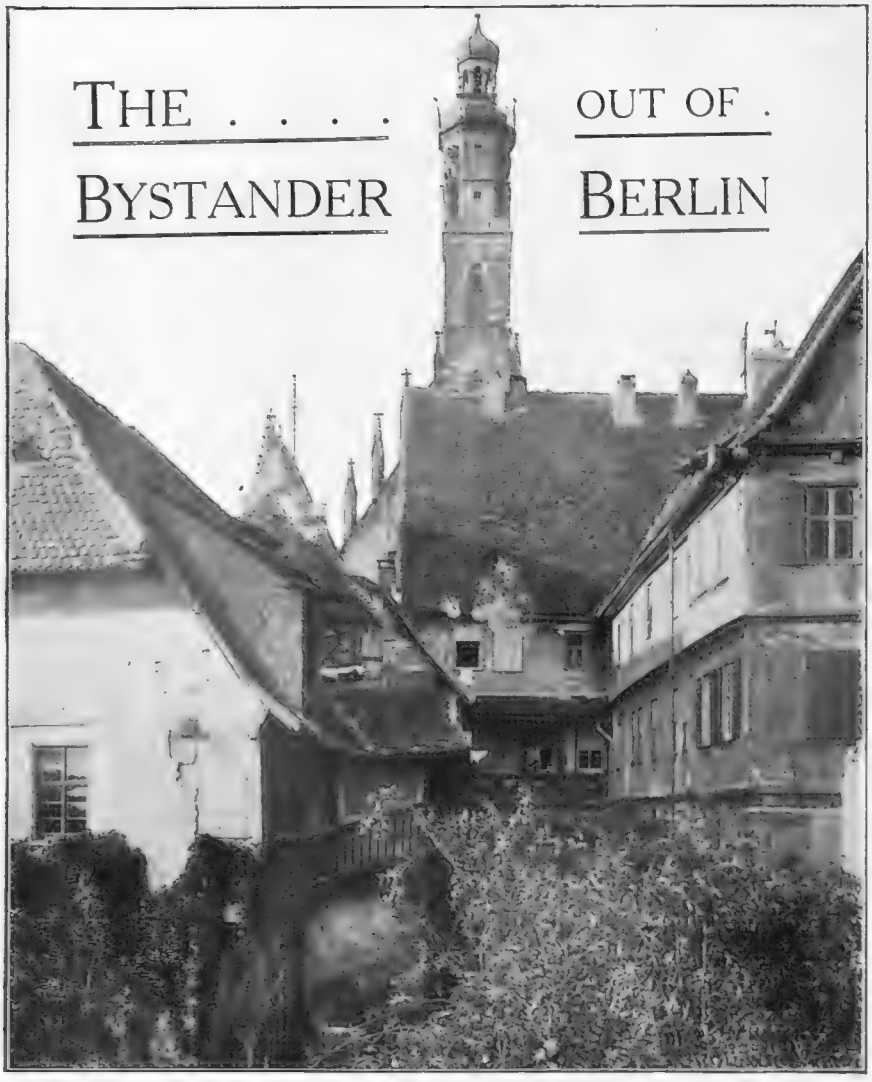
FOR, as I daresay you are finding out for yourselves, the thing that is wrong in France and at home just now is the unreasonable craving for novelty. Latter day politicians, having absorbed the Socialist microbe, believe that everything that has existed any length of time is bad, and that everything that has not is necessarily good. Shall I tell you why it is that the French crimes are more prolific and so much m ssier than crimes are at home—yet? Just notice that "yet" and think a bit. When a French criminal comes up for trial his counsel does not try to disprove his guilt. He pleads guilty, and explains. If the crime be murder, and can be put down to passion, if the crime be anything else and can be put down to passion, or if the criminal can be proved to have had a drunken first cousin once removed, extenuating circumstances are found by the jury, and the dear man gets off with a nominal punishment, or with no punishment at all. Of course, the direct result of this close time for criminals has been an increase of crime. The dear old quidnuncs are fussing and fretting over it in France, and I suppose before long criminals will have an easier time than ever. I have nothing to say for or against members of the British Government. But I can't help agreeing with my French friend that the drifting spirit in England is inexcusable when, with the opportunity of seeing how Socialist Utopianism has made mischief in France in the increase of crime, in the labour unrest, in irreligion, in anti-militarism, and in a hundred and one variants of the same diseases, a few strong men do not get a hold on the brake and let the country look before it slithers down into the unknown.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

Trouville Revisited

We shall have to revise our ideas on the subject of Trouville. Formerly we considered, with Biarritz, that it represented all the modish "abandon" of smart French Society. From our photographs, however, it would appear that it is just an ordinary charming place, more distinguished for its family life than anything else. So, after all, perhaps we shall go there this summer

Photographs *Clive Holland*



A VIEW OF THE TOWER OF THE TOWN HALL, KLINGENBERG
The citizens of which, according to our correspondent, are the most favoured in all the world

A VISIT TO ELYSIAN KLINGENBERG

THE Berlin Bystander thinks of settling in Klingenberg.

A Chance for Emigrants

Klingenberg in happy Franconia. It means "Ringing Mountain," and it is well named, for its fame shall ring through the ages. It is the only town in Europe whither every man who reads this Bystander letter will itch to emigrate. It is a town where no man pays taxes, and no man does work, where a provident municipality pays a large income to citizens irrespective of age or estate.

Thanks to Providence—

KLINGENBERG lies on the cerulean Main within reach of Aschaffenberg, within sight of Hesse's hills. It is a pleasant place. It has a ruin, a castle with a nice look-out, a home for sick children, a church, and—naturally in such a fiscal Paradise—a synagogue. It has a sawmill, a brewery; and once it produced red Klingenberger wine, much praised by connoisseurs. But now Klingenberg makes no wine, and does no other work. Why should it? Even the brewery exists only for local consumption. But it has work enough, for a town with 1,500 persons, all with municipal incomes and no work, develops a respectable thirst. Some day Klingenberg will drink up the cerulean Main. Klingenberg owes its luck to the compensating justice of Providence. In 1693 it was destroyed by the French, who wiped out everything, castle, and population and wine. Thereupon Providence resolved to requite Klingenberg, and it put it in possession of large forests and lands. No small German town owns such properties. The forests and the lands bring in great revenues; and after providing for schools, street-paving, sewage, kindergarten, tree-planting, lighting, and silk hats for Herr Bürgermeister, there is a municipal surplus of £25,000.

—And von Stein

IN Germany a municipality does what it likes with its goods. The immortal Baron von Stein who issued the first municipal ordinance, gave Prussian towns the right to do what they like; and this freedom has spread to Bavaria. Stein believed, so he said, in "the creative, free-working spirit of the German people." He was right. For Klingenberg, free from centralistic despotism and tutelage, divides the surplus, £25,000, among its 1,500 residents. History does not say how much they get. The Berlin Bystander calculates that the town has about 400 adult males. This would give each £62 10*s*. a year. A steady £62 10*s*. mind: no unemployment and no taxes. That is a great deal more than is earned by unskilled labourers, unskilled journalists, and others of the physical and intellectual proletariat. So the Berlin Bystander thinks of flying to Klingenberg. Last week he applied for the freedom of the city, and for a cheque on account of his first year's £62 10*s*., and now he is awaiting Klingenberg's reply with beating heart.

Hopes Frustrated!

N.B.—The Berlin Bystander's hopes have been dashed to the ground. He has received the opinion of a Constitutional lawyer that before sharing in the £25,000 he must have been settled in Klingenberg for nine years: and that only German subjects are eligible. Is it worth waiting nine years and becoming a German for £62 10*s*.? Life is too uncertain. Suppose that after eight years of qualifying the Berlin Bystander died. Or suppose that the French returned, and wiped out Klingenberg, its castle, its inhabitants, and its beer? The risk is too great.

Following in Bismarck's Bath Steps

Photograph *Schuhmann*

STATE-SECRETARY KIDERLEN-WAECHTER AT BAD-KISSINGEN, A BATH RESORT POPULARISED BY HIS FAMOUS PREDECESSOR

We are told that the German Foreign Minister has been celebrating his birthday "quietly" at Bad-Kissingen, but not so quietly, we fear, as to make us believe that Mr. Winston Churchill's recent speech has effected in Herr Kiderlen-Waechter that "cure" which would be so beneficial to the people both on this and the other side of the North Sea. On the contrary, his choice of a place so fraught with recollections of Prince Bismarck leads us to believe that he means to acquire sufficient "blood and iron" to weather the Socialistic and Radical storm that is bound to burst in the Reichstag if Germany's ship-building programme is further developed

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS : By "Saki"

No. II.—Mr. Bernard Shaw and Baron Marschall von Bieberstein

[*We have no other authority than that of our contributor that the conversations between the persons in question have actually taken place.*—ED.]

"SOMEONE once observed," said the Dramatist, "that a religion ceases to inspire belief the moment it has been proved to be true; that, no doubt, is why all religions attract believers. The age we live in is not the age of unbelief, it is pre-eminently the age of alternative belief; people clutch eagerly at the slightest chance of believing something different to the normally accepted creed or theory. Public feeling in this country was stirred to its depths four or five years ago by the chance of believing that a *soi-disant* Duke of Portland might turn out to be the genuine owner of the title. Probably the duke they had was quite as good as the one they flew to; I don't remember to have met either of them. The popularity of Monna Lisa with the European public is almost entirely due to the possibility of holding any number of alternative theories as to the true explanation of her disappearance; you may say that nothing brought her so much under the public gaze as her manner of withdrawing from it. In fact, one might go further and say that the chief interest of most of the masterpieces in the Louvre is the doubt as to who painted them. There are people who would give the best years of their life to be able to prove that the siege of Troy was really a protracted peace conference which ended in disorder and bloodshed. Possibly it was. And the reason why Bacon and Shakespeare both have their devoted and embittered adherents in the great controversy as to which of them wrote the plays is that both of them can be satisfactorily proved to possess very few claims to the authorship. You are wondering, no doubt, why I have talked to you so discursively and with such sincerity without touching on the subject of myself and my plays. The mention of Shakespeare will have warned you that I am approaching enchanted ground. To you, who have the precious gift of diplomatic reticence which enables a man to talk freely to you without interruption, to you I will make a confession. You are at liberty to lock it within your breast; I have a duplicate key. A misplaced confidence is one that does not appear in the evening papers."

The Dramatist paused for a moment, and then proceeded with his confession.

"I am not a happy man; in recent years my life has been overshadowed with a great dread. *What has happened to Shakespeare may happen to me.* My works will live for all time, but I, physically speaking, am mortal; fifty or sixty years after my death who knows but that a school of critics may arise, in America and in your country, and perhaps here in England, who will attribute all my plays to Arthur Balfour? There is a horrible plausibility about the idea which never ceases to haunt me. Shall I be depicted to future generations as a chattering, posing, after-dinner-talkative individual who screened with his noisy personality the identity of the cynical, retiring, world-indifferent man of affairs and man of letters? 'Forewarned, forearmed,' you may say, but in this case everything I do to assert my individuality, to bring it under public notice, and make it shine out through my work (and I do a great deal) may, after all, only make matters worse. Take, for instance, *Fanny's First Play*. No other dramatist would introduce so much talk about Me into his work, any more than I should go out of my way to allude flatteringly to Sutro or Pinero. But that is just where the devilish ingenuity of the Balfourist of to-morrow will come in. 'Would a dramatist,' he will ask, 'who had written a brilliantly clever comedy such as *Fanny's First Play* take the trouble to tack on an epilogue in which a group of puppet-critics talk at unmerciful length about his personality and his work? On the other hand, would not that conceivably be the attitude of the real unacknowledged creator of the play, keeping himself deliberately in the background and making cruel fun alike of the pseudo-author and his devoted band of suburban admirers?'

"Of course, there is the question of the political outlook of my plays. My dilettante Socialism ought to be easily recognisable as something distinct from Balfour's dilettante Toryism—but is it? It was said of Peel that he had caught the Whigs bathing and stolen their clothes—in other words, their principles. No one could do that to modern Radicals, they have pawned their principles long ago; the most one could steal from them would be pawn-tickets. But between the Tory with a sense of humour and the Socialist with a sense of humour there is not a wide difference of outlook. It may be objected that no Socialist has a sense of humour, and, if one makes a conspicuous exception of present company, that is undoubtedly true.

"Then there is the important theme of matrimony, which bulks so largely in my plays. Will not the theorists of a future generation fasten on my handling of the subject and declare it to be the work of a man who stood outside the marriage-tie as a philosophic and satirical onlooker, the attitude of a Manx cat towards a cat that has got its tail jammed in a door, and will they not triumphantly point out that Arthur Balfour was a persistent bachelor?"

Here the Dramatist paused abruptly, and a note of real anxiety shook his voice as he proceeded to ask a question of his listener:

"You do understand English, don't you?"

"Perfectly," said the Ambassador.

"I'm so glad to hear you say that," said the Dramatist, with an air of immense relief; "for one dreadful moment I thought I might have been talking all this time about myself and my plays to someone who didn't know what I was talking about. Now if you analyse my plays and their underlying motives—take *Widowers' Houses*, for example——"

But the Ambassador yielded to the current weakness for an alternative, and took his departure. SAKI

On Their Honeymoon

BY CHAS. PEARS

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Who Says the Country is Artless?

BOXFORD, a tiny village near Newbury, may claim to have been one of the first places in England to attempt that local encouragement of the theatrical instinct which has culminated in the establishment of repertory theatres in some of the large provincial cities. For nearly ten years now a Masque, written by a local lady, with music by two persons connected with the place, has been performed annually by the village children and a few friends. There is a perfectly charming theatre, rather on the early Greek model, only oblong instead of circular, which has been cut out of the side of a wooded hill, with a wonderful view over the country-side. The performance, which always coincides with the village flower show, has become an event of considerable importance in the neighbourhood, and even from London many people come to see it. To the jaded pleasure-seeker it offers at least all the charm of the undiscovered—and the unadvertised.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF A MASQUE AT BOXFORD, NEAR NEWBURY, WHICH HAS ITS OWN THEATRE, ITS OWN DRAMATIST AND ALMOST ITS OWN COMPOSERS

Far from the Madding Marathon: A Waterway Near Stockholm

Fearful lest the person who judges of foreign countries solely from the photographs of them in illustrated papers should think that Sweden, and especially Stockholm, was nothing but a collection of grand stands and Marathon-stadia, we recommend this picture of the Gotha Canal to those who would like to know something of the country under normal conditions

Pilchards at Looe

Photograph *A. E. Astington*

Our picture shows a fishing-boat engaged in the pilchard trade at Looe, in Cornwall. A pilchard, we understand, when treated with olive oil, becomes a sardine (or is it vice-versa?), but, in view of recent litigation, we decline to make any definite statement on the subject whatever

"The Piping Times of Peace"

A PICTURESQUE SNAPSHOT, TAKEN FROM THE HARBOUR WALL, OF THE RACING IN THE ROYAL TEMPLE YACHT CLUB'S REGATTA AT RAMSGATE

The lone coastguard spectator, watching the races from behind the guns of the fort, may be wondering how long it will be before he has to look out for other craft than those of peaceful sport. On the other hand, he is probably thinking nothing of the kind. We only know that he helps make a suggestive picture. (Photograph by the Graphic Photo Union)

THE RED QUILL

A DIPLOMATIC EXTRAVAGANZA

By Harold Blind

[We take no responsibility for the accuracy of these amazing revelations. All Englishmen, however, must thrill with pride at such a tribute to the traditional superiority of their diplomacy and their race.—Ed.]

THE Foreign Secretary crouched behind the bed of high stinging nettles and cast deftly beneath the beeches that overhung the opposite side of the stream. Straight and true, falling lightly, the line shot out from the rod and the tiny fly drifted down, with never a drag, whilst the keen eyes watched it.

"Got you!" said the Foreign Secretary as he struck.

There was a splash, and the long whirr of the reel as the line ran out to the first grand rush of a three-pounder. Then the trout headed for a mass of snags and the Minister gave him the butt and held him, and turned him. . . . .

It was not until the beautiful fish was grassed that the keeper coughed discreetly and the Foreign Secretary turned.

"Well, John? What is it?" he said.

"Two of them furrin' gents have motored down, Sir! They say they must see you, and I couldn't help it—they would come along here, Sir!"

"Furrin' gents?" he asked absently, "Whatever can they want with me?"

Sir George Ridges looked up and beheld two men in frock coats, raising their top hats politely. (Being foreigners and diplomats they naturally could not be expected to wear any but the most correct costume even when motoring in the country.) They regarded him curiously as he knelt in the lush hay and wiped the death agony of the trout from his long, slim hands.

"Good heavens, Count!" said he, "What's wrong."

And he stood up in his old grey tweeds and worn knee boots.

"I can't shake hands!" he went on, smiling, "Hello!. . . Come and see me bag that fish!"

He had spotted a rise about fifty yards up stream.

"Keep back and behind me!" he said, and moved warily towards the clump of yellow Iris that marked the fading rings.

The frock-coated gentlemen seemed inclined to expostulate, but John raised a warning hand and glared at them. Sir George Ridges made three casts, and then turned and crept back a few yards and stood up.

"I'll rest him!" he said. "Now tell me what it is all about? I do not think fish hear voices, but they *do* feel the vibration of trampling about! You are not going to deliver an ultimatum over the week-end, Count? . . I have often told you that if you do there will be nobody to fight you till Tuesday at 11.30!"

"Ha! Ha!" said the Ambassador of the Friendly Power. "Always ze humour, is it not? . . . Ha! Ha!. . . Very good!. . . No! No! it is not war to-day!" He turned to his spruce companion:—

"Gif me those papers!" said he.

From a neat leather despatch bag the attaché produced a huge bundle of newspaper cuttings which the Count seized and waved, crying:—

"Ha! Sir George!. . . You have seen this, hein? What have you to say?. . . Why do you not muzzle this pestiferous horde of ink-slingers—this meddling Press?. . . It is having a most bad effect—over there!" He waved the white streamers of the cuttings eastwards and northwards.

"Great Scot!" said the Foreign Secretary, "Don't, don't do that! You'll put down every fish for miles—it is gin-clear and they see everything!"

The accredited representatives of the Friendly Power rolled their eyes at one another, then at the pure white-flecked heavens above. Sir George took the mass of copy.

"Oh, yes!" answered he, to a gesture of despair from the Ambassador, "yes, it is a nuisance. . . But I told you last month what would occur if you did not let that woman escape quietly. . . . you saw the point, did you not, Count?"

"*Ciel*, yes!. . . But those provincial block-heads will not take my hint—they are burning to make an example—and you must admit that the lady has been—er—indiscreet, to say the least of it!"

"Oh, yes! But why did your idiotic Ockrana describe her as a British subject? You will have to let her go!". . .

There was a silence, and Sir George looked beyond the yellow Iris bed to the rings of the still rising trout.

"You see!" he went on, opening his fly box, "You can do a great deal to the—er—British Lion. In fact you can do most things and he will not mind—but you must not tread on his tail! The poor beast has been badgered lately—and what with strikes and spies, and now this woman being sentenced as a political agitator, he is getting irritable. We, my colleagues and myself, being his keepers, as it were, advise you to cease stirring him up. We were able to soothe him after that Leipzig case. . . but he won't be hoodwinked or sent after red-herrings every time. You will have to let that woman go!"

"But, but it is impossible! Think of the humiliation! My Government would never tolerate it—will never accede to the yapping of these curs! Why did you not send them a hint?"

The Foreign Secretary smiled—for he saw in his mind's eye the news editors dancing a saraband of joy. He replied:—

(All rights strictly reserved)

"My dear Count, surely you know us by this time? I have been torn to pieces for my policy—for not being engaged in at least three conflicts with the leading Powers during the last twelve months. But if your Imperial Master will use his gracious prerogative of clemency and pardon, I think I can assure you that there will be no humiliation and no crowing—the matter will be tacitly dropped and forgotten!"

The Ambassador came nearer and glancing around him said:—

"See you, Sir George! I am told that it was mere chance that this affair was taken up by the Press—that if something else arrived which would swamp it, all would be well! Hein?"

"Well, yes! I suppose it does depend on the Editorial mood and what news is on the *tapis*."

"I am told," said the Count, "that if some blood-thirsty murder were to happen all this would be forgotten at once and this lady would be allowed to serve her time, or some of it. . . . We will make things very easy for her—*un petit rien*—just a holiday, you understand? But it will satisfy our *amour propre*, yes! . . ."

"I beg your pardon," said the Foreign Secretary, snipping his fly off the cast with a little pair of scissors and putting it away, "I didn't quite follow all those French words."

Then looking again at the rising trout, he muttered: "I wonder if he'd take a Red Quill?"

"Listen!" said the Ambassador, "I have all ready for an outrage—we will have another Stepney Street? Hein? . . . That would do the trick, would it not? Anarchists and all that. . . shooting. . . troops! Or would a motor bandit do? . . . You have not had one here as yet?"

"I will try that fish again!" replied Sir George Ridges, putting up a Red Quill, which he most carefully selected, "Excuse me!"

He stepped silently towards the bank, crouched, and stole forward, and the light rod began to flicker back and forth as the line shot out longer and longer until, at last, he made his cast.

"Got him!" he said, springing erect, "by Jove, he's a splendid fish!. . . Ah, would you!. . . Come out of it!". . . He put all the strain he dared upon the fine gut, and the rod bent and the tight line stretched, and the great trout was turned from his lair under the roots. The fight went on and Sir George followed his fish, getting in line as he could, and using the consummate skill of touch and knowledge of the water which was his. John, the keeper, was at his heels with the landing net; the Ambassador and his attaché followed—and they appeared to be angry.

At last the glorious *fontinalis* turned on his side and was netted, and the Foreign Secretary left him to John and turned to his guests—the light of battle still in his eyes.

"Count!" he said, "there are times when the only way to kill a big fish, and to prevent him smashing you, is to give him the butt and trust to Providence and your tackle. You propose that we should let this matter slide!. . . Ah, you remember that Polish Jew who could scarcely claim to be a subject save that he had landed in the United States?. . . Well, do you think that we should be less jealous of our rights—of the protection of our flag? . . . No! No! This lady was born amongst the Kentish hills!"

Sir George was flicking the Red Quill in the stream to cleanse it from the slime of the great trout that John was creeling.

. . ."No!" he said again, very quietly, looking the Ambassador straight in the eyes. "This lady must be set at liberty!. . . She shall be set at liberty!. . . One moment, I beg!". . . For the Count tried to interpose.

. . . "I am loath to be serious when I am fishing—when, for a few hours I can forget the map of the world and remember only this little nook of England. . . But. . . Ah, my dear Count, do make the best of a bad job!. . . and remember that the lion's keepers cannot be responsible for his behaviour if the visitors will keep on poking sticks through the bars of the cage and taking his bone away. He might tear down the whole show one day—and then. . . "

Sir George shrugged his shoulders. He was now drying the Red Quill in the air.

"You mean!" said the Ambassador, "you mean that if this miserable governess is not set free you will—mobilise?"

"I mean that if you try to run under any snags, or to weed me—or sulk—I shall give you the butt! Yes, we shall trust to our tackle, and our skill."

"Oh, it is madness!" cried the Count, "you are all mad! You have given us Persia and Mongolia—you have let Italy take Tripoli, and, and now. . . . *Nom de Dieu*!. . . No, no I cannot believe it. We will not let this young person go! We will not sacrifice our honour because your rabble clamour!"

Sir George set the spike of his rod gently but firmly in the soft ground, and then stood up straight. There was a tense silence for what seemed a long, long time. A reed-warbler sang his little song in the high rushes. In the covert across the river a jay called harshly. The summer wind sighed past and the long hay blushed silver to its kiss. The peace of the world hung in the balance.

"Come, come, Count!" said Sir George, at last, smiling and holding out his hand, "I do not wish to—to be—er—compelled to say unpleasant things. You see, this woman is a British subject and, as regards the territories you mentioned. . .Well it is a different matter, isn't it?"

Still the Ambassador hesitated, and Sir George's eyes narrowed and his mouth set. He said:—

"Since you will have the butt!" and he threw his right hand forward and a little up as if he held a rod.

The Ambassador winced at the half-veiled threat. The Englishman noticed it and slowly his face relaxed.

"But, I hope you will after all accept this brace of trout!. . ."

The Ambassador looked to the four quarters of the compass, took Sir George's hand, dropped it, bowed, and said:—

"I shall be delighted! It is most kind of you: I think that we—that some of us—underestimate your faith in your tackle!"

"We have the finest in the world, Count!" said Sir George and he nodded at the stolid John.

"And now!" continued the Foreign Secretary, "let us go and have tea with the ladies. John! Pack those fish up for his Excellency to take away!"

HAROLD BLIND

Personifying Her Generation

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

Our photograph shows Miss Gladys Cooper, who does much to make the last—1912—act of "Milestones" positively irresistible. We wish we could think that all the young ladies of our acquaintance will appear as charming to posterity as Miss Cooper does to us

London Nights Entertainments

PICTURE PALACES AND THEIR PATRONS. BY "JINGLE."

A WELL-KNOWN theatrical manager is said to be selling all his interests in theatrical enterprises, on the grounbs that the Picture Palace will be the best patronised show of the future. As I am not myself endowed with the gift of prophecy I am unable to criticise this statement. I have, however, observed the growth in the number of these places of entertainment; and I have recently visited a great many of them for the sake of the Cause. One thing that has impressed me is that the Picture Palaces in the West End of London are not exclusively patronised by plebeians. It appears to be the fashion for quite well-to-do people who have arrived in town too early for a particular theatre to while away a superfluous hour in the nearest pictorial palace of delight; and the practice would seem to be so common that the entry of ladies and gentlemen carefully dressed for the evening excites no comment, but is taken quite as a matter of course. Whether such casual patrons of the Picture Palace are likely in future to consider that it supplies all that they need in the way of entertainment depends upon many considerations. You cannot of course show off a new evening gown so successfully in the Picture Palace as in the theatre or at the opera; and as the poet has so beautifully said, while Art is long, Life is too confoundedly short to miss any chances. Another drawback to the Picture Palace is that in the sustained darkness you cannot recognise your friends in the audience; though I have heard it alleged that some of our friends consider that it is this which gives the Picture Palace its unique advantage, because if it comes to that, they can always say they were not there.

The occasional intervals during which the lights are turned up enable the casual observer to note with interest that the Picture Palace must have come as a boon and a blessing to young people in the courting stage of life. Tender arms that under cover of the beneficent darkness have been quite obviously helping to support a dainty shoulder, are somewhat obstrusively slid into a more becoming position; and while there is nothing that I am aware of in a picture show that is calculated to disarrange a lady's hair, I have noticed as the lights go up an almost universal tendency on the part of the ladies to satisfy themselves that every curl is in its appointed place. Yorick Sterne tells us, in his "Sentimental Journey," of the painful shock he received on a visit to a theatre at a time when the clergy of France were out of favour with the people. An elderly priest who occupied a private box with a couple of ladies was peremptorily ordered by the crowd in the pit to hold up his hands; though, as our author remarks, it is inconceivable that a priest could stoop so low as to pick a lady's pocket. I have never heard of any complaints being made of pick-pockets in Picture Palaces, though the audiences there would have a far greater right to be suspicious than would an audience in a fairly well-lighted theatre.

Up to the present the apostles of the Higher Drama have had no influence at all on the wordless plays produced at Picture Palaces. Stories of incident rather than stories of character, are the rule; and this necessarily so. A set of films representing Hamlet declaiming the justly celebrated "To be" monologue would be, to say the least of it, lacking in excitement. But a picture of a Red Indian creeping along the trail in order to abduct a young and lovely girl, gives us a picture that we can all understand and appreciate. This is the subject of one of the films I saw recently. The fair girl was dragged along in spite of her most strenuous resistance, and taken to the Indian camp, where it was proposed to burn her alive as a propitiatory sacrifice to the tribal deity. The absolute realism of the scene was beyond praise; and I found it quite as exciting as a theatrical performance. There was no need for any dialogue in a case of that kind. Then the scene changed, and we saw two or three rough, untutored men of the cowboy type, who set out in a most exciting pursuit of the Indians and their captive. As the pursuit became hotter, revolver shots were freely exchanged, and many a valiant red man bit the dust—or whatever biteable matter the surface of prairie land may consist of. The last part of the chase took place in Indian canoes, and the scene ended with a life-and-death struggle in the water, the Indian being finally pushed underneath to drown before our eyes. The apostles of the Higher Drama can say what they like; but this is the sort of thing that collects a remunerative crowd.

The humour of the Picture Palace, like its tragedy and pathos, is never very subtle. Some years ago a successful London publisher assured me that the kind of humour that suits the "thinking public" is that which shows someone being more or less badly hurt. I was a very young man at the time, and I did

BY NORMAN MORROW

not hesitate to reject with scorn such a fatuous theory; but I am older and wiser now (a certificate to this effect can be produced, if necessary). In the case of one humorous film I saw recently the laughter started when one man in a fit of temper boxed another man's ears; but the fun grew quite uproarious when yet another man of the party tried his hand at punting and pushed himself out of the punt into the water. Humour of this sort may not be approved by the Higher Art, but it is clearly what the "thinking public" wants. There are few more serious moments in life than when the ceiling falls with a crash upon you just as you are in the middle of dinner; but this scene is a common one with Picture Palaces, and is invariably greeted with shrieks of uncontrolled mirth. Some of the humour is of the bizarre kind, and is entitled to additional commendation on the score of ingenuity. The cinematograph lends itself to little illusions and tricks that would not be possible on the theatrical stage. There is, for instance, the popular film showing a man walking along the street and being run over by a steam-roller. This is certainly a sufficiently inconvenient experience, and one that might be expected to call for sympathy. Instead, it is an infallible laugh-producer. And the laughter is more than justified when, after the steam-roller has passed completely over its victim and squashed him flat, he gets up and shakes his fist at the driver in very proper resentment of the treatment to which he has been subjected.

As far as the Picture Palaces of London and the suburbs are concerned (and these are all that I have had an opportunity to visit in this country), the subjects chosen are always strictly "correct" according to the nominal standard of propriety in our Metropolis.

JINGLE

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

DOCTORS continue to feel their position a strong one. The idea that Mr. Lloyd George will attempt to defeat them by bringing in a short Act entitling third class Civil Service clerks to practise medicine—with the degree of M.D. and an increase of £5 per annum in their salaries—is, on the whole, scouted.

* * *

Workman who are keen on "sickness benefits" will gain their object most surely by refusing to accept an Insurance card, for, of course, all our more important gaols have capital infirmaries attached to them.

* * *

Apropos of the Royal visit to Shakespeare's England, the *Daily Telegraph* says: "His Majesty made a genial observation as to the excellence of the idea." Students of the *Telegraph* hazard the suggestion that the King said "Good idea!"

* * *

Professor Maeder, of Zurich, has been complaining that the Rubens type of woman is never seen in England. We fear that the Professor has made the foreigner's usual mistake of drawing his inferences only from our city life. At country fairs there is often a Rubens lady to be seen, the usual charge being twopence.

* * *

A straight-line figure—says the Professor—is what Englishwomen aim at. One can understand how displeasing this must be to the native of a country where the sexes so easily achieve a vivid resemblance either to a circle or a square.

Mr. Long de Scent: "Yes, my boy, these are all my ancestors."
New Buttons: "What! all of 'em niggers?"

BY O. M. MILES

Madame Montessori, the latest authority on education, maintains that school-prizes should be done away with, as "the only true prize to the child, as to the man, is to discover within himself a power to accomplish that which he has set out to do." This may be true of modern boys. In our time they were fairly contented to discover all that sort of thing in a crib.

* * *

Besides, though prizes were not particularly satisfying, consisting as they did of books that nobody would ever think of reading, the covers were frequently handsome, and, impressed by these, gratified aunts would often hand over as much as half-a-crown to the nephew who was intelligent enough modestly to exhibit them.

* * *

Colonel the Hon. W. Lambton has declared that the Eton "slouch" is a thing of the past, and parents who like to see their sons with fairly straight backs may now have no hesitation in sending them to this well-known school.

* * *

"A woman was caught in the Louvre a few days ago engaged in daubing a valuable oil painting with red ink. Her sanity is suspected by the police." That, we presume, is because she was caught in the Louvre. If it had been the . . . (Royal Academy joke season closed.—ED.)

After Many Years

The Big Man: "Hullo, old chap, fancy meeting you after all these years. But come and have a chat away from this staring crowd"

The Little Man: "Oh, hush! They are my wife and family"

BY A. WALLIS MILLS

The PLACE and Its PASTIMES

No. 8.
Shrewsbury

By Leonard Willoughby

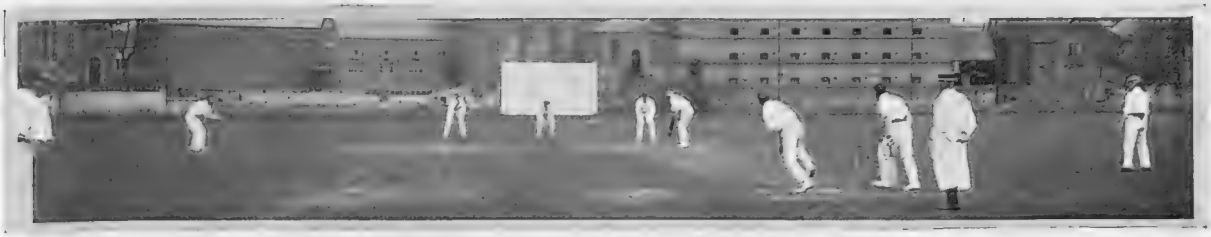
THE ENGLISH BRIDGE OVER THE SEVERN
The river's course forms a peninsula of the town, which greatly adds to its picturesqueness

THE historic town of Shrewsbury is wonderfully accessible from most parts of the London and North Western Railway system, which is most convenient, if one desires to arrive there comfortably and punctually as I did. I do not wish to be unduly critical in my remarks regarding the pastimes of any town, but I feel bound to say that I do not think the young men of Shrewsbury to-day support the sports and games in the way one would naturally expect them to do. My remarks in reference to slackness in no way applies to those leaders and active supporters of athletics. For those I have only praise and respect. Some time ago, Shrewsbury was to the forefront in rowing, but latterly interest in this sport has not been too strong. This is to be regretted, especially in view of the fact that the town possesses, in the beautiful River Severn, such excellent facilities. The Pengwern Club has one of the finest club-houses in England and a membership of 370. Football in Shrewsbury is, I understand, professional, as far as the town club is concerned. This has been associated with the Birmingham and District League for eighteen years. Last season the club lost twelve matches running, and so were compelled to seek re-election for the coming season. Hockey is represented by a fairly strong team now, though the club for some years went down. They are, however, coming again to the front and were successful last season. Croquet is only slightly played, and this on the tennis courts, where there is one croquet court. Lawn tennis is very popular, there being two clubs of account. The leading one is the Severn Side, with 100 playing members. The Club has eight good courts, and here the annual tournament is held, which is largely attended. Bowls is also going strong in Shrewsbury, the Severn Side Club being the principal one.

Photograph Bartlett
THE MAYOR OF SHREWSBURY.
Major C. R. B. Wingfield, who is warmly interested in pastimes, and is Mayor for the second year

MEMBERS OF THE LADIES' SWIMMING CLUB
This Club was formed recently, and is very popular with lady residents. The magnificent covered bath in the Quarry is run by the Corporation

Sports That Are Popular in Shrewsbury



Photograph] THE SHREWSBURY CRICKET CLUB ELEVEN AT PLAY *[Bartlett*
A strong team, captained by Mr. H. Richmond, and composed of residents in or near Shrewsbury

Photograph] MEMBERS OF THE SALOPIAN CYCLING AND ATHLETIC CLUB *[Billcliffe*
Which was founded in 1906. The Club has been successful in winning many cycle and flat events

PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE SEVERN-SIDE BOWLING-CLUB
The club possesses an excellent green which was opened in 1896. The doyen of the Club is Mr. J. A. Lea, who held the captaincy for two years, and, though now eighty years of age, still bowls an excellent game. Mr. J. C. H. Bowdler (eighth from right) is now captain, and takes a great interest in sport generally

SOME KEEN LAWN TENNIS DEVOTEES
This is easily the most popular game in the town. The Severn-side Club plays 100 members, and possesses eight good courts. The annual tournament invariably secures a large entry of competitors

Shrewsbury and Its Pastimes—concluded

with a membership of 120. The club-house is quite charming, while the greens themselves are first-rate. Cricket is represented by the Shrewsbury C.C., composed of residents in or near the town. The club grew out of a local club called All Saints, and has existed in its present form since 1901. The Captain is Mr. H. Richmond, and the Hon. Secretary Mr. F. W. Burmey. The ground played on is the old County Ground, which was abandoned by the County Club in 1906, when this club was transformed into a roving one, called the Shropshire Gentlemen.

A FEW ENTHUSIASTIC MOTOR-CYCLISTS

Belonging to the Shropshire Club. Motor-Cycling is a flourishing sport. The Mayor is President of the Club, and Mr. R. R. Walker (3rd from right) is Hon. Sec. The first open Amateur Hill-Climb was held last May

and here the ladies' club are making great headway and increasing their numbers. Golf: The course is at Meole, one and a half miles from the town. Hunting: A large contingent hunt from Shrewsbury with the North Shropshire Hounds, and an occasional meet is held in the town. Motor-cycling and cycling are popular, for the country is a fine one to travel through and the roads are excellent. Taking it all round, Shrewsbury is well-equipped for every sort of pastime, and the town should be in the van with other places. It now remains for its 30,000 inhabitants to wake up, and make more use of the facilities afforded them.

GOLF ON THE MEOLE LINKS

Mr. R. D. Thomson, the Captain of the Club, which enrolls some 200 members, driving from the first tee. The course is a nine-hole one, and is 1½ miles from the town

The town club is a strongish team for Shropshire, where cricket is not very prominent. It is a beautiful ground, situated in the bend of the river, which at times overflows and gives it a good top-dressing. Swimming: Two very fine covered baths run by the Corporation are in The Quarry,

Photograph *Mallinson*

SHREWSBURY TOWN FOOTBALL CLUB

Which has been associated with the Birmingham and District League for 18 years

SHREWSBURY ROWING

Is represented by the Pengwern Club. Our photograph depicts a junior four preparing for a trial spin on the Severn. Occupants of boat: C. Tall (stroke), G. Gough, R. Rumsey, H. C. Major, and A. Davis (cox)

NEXT WEEK'S ARTICLE WILL DEAL WITH

CANTERBURY

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Chaucer Secundus

THE question is, Who is Daniel Chaucer? I asked one man, and he told me that he was an English poet of the fourteenth century, of whom I might possibly have heard in my school days. But that must surely have been Geoffrey? Daniel is still living. On his own showing he is "a breeder of shorthorns, writing to pass the time." But is this all the truth? The reason I ask is that Daniel Chaucer's second novel, *The New Humpty-Dumpty* (The Bodley Head: 6*s*.)—quite a bad title, by the way, with all respect to Mr. Lane, who ordered the author, quite rightly, to use it, in preference to the author's own suggestion, which is worse—is about as clever a piece of work as has appeared for some time. It is the kind of book that the reviewer, whose life is not always very bright, likes to read for his own pleasure—that is to say, without continually bearing in mind the unfortunate necessity he is under to write about its merits or otherwise. *The New Humpty-Dumpty* is a modern satire, a rather cruel satire, too—but to succeed, satire should not be over-kind. It is written by somebody who can write charming English and knows Europe and America, and quite a number of people of all classes and kinds. It also contains a story, and, if you care to worry yourself, you may put (probably wrong) names to some of the characters.

ANOTHER LITERARY KNIGHT

Sir George Thompson Hutchinson, F.R.G.S., is head of the publishing firm of Hutchinson and Co., and Chairman of the old-established house of Hurst and Blackett, Ltd. Sir George has been prominent in literary circles for several years

A Revolution in the Modern Way

Now, the plot is altogether too complicated for me to give it at any length, but it is all about a Royalist revolution in Galizia, which is very like Portugal, and the revolution is "worked" by an extraordinary Russian nobleman with a Scottish name, who is married to an unpleasant Englishwoman, and is almost impossibly quixotic. He is naturally the manager of a motor-car company. The *de jure* King of Galizia lives in London with the Queen-Mother, and is not particularly anxious to return to his people, but Count Sergius Macdonald is determined that he shall, and for that purpose enlists help from various people, among others, the Lady Aldington, who is a Duchess in Galizia; the Duke of Kintyre, her cousin; Mr. Dexter, with daughter from the middle-west; and the truly remarkable Mr. Pett, with accent and masterpieces, which he writes in the intervals of king-making. There are one or two divorces before the revolution can take place, but in the end it is successful, in spite of the brave Mr. Pett, who, on principle, of course, does not allow his own person to get in the way of unpleasant artillery. Count Macdonald, however, does not enjoy his success for very long, for he is shot on the day of his triumph. The complications are amazing, but not preposterous, and the whole story rattles along in a wonderfully smooth fashion. The character of Mr. Pett will not be easily forgotten, and, indeed, Daniel Chaucer—old Dan, as my friend incorrectly called him—invests every one of his people with a thick coating of real flesh and blood. The book is long, but I for one would not have had it any shorter. It is witty and wise and alluring, and far and away the best satirical novel I have read since I rolled the Literary Log.

Mrs. Leverson's New Novel

Less pretentious, though quite as amusing in its way, is Mrs. Leverson's new novel, *Tenterhooks* (Grant Richards: 6*s*.). No one can describe certain aspects of domesticity better than Mrs. Leverson, and in this story of the lady who did not, she gives of her best. The story is simple. Bruce Ottley is a civil servant, Edith is his wife. Bruce is a silly philanderer, his wife is not. Bruce makes quarter-hearted love to the governess, and a distinguished barrister, Aylmer Ross (no doubt a distant relation of Mr. Robert Ross, to whom the book is dedicated), falls in love with Edith. The governess is packed off, but another young lady appears, who carries the silly Bruce away to Australia. Thinks Ross, here is my chance, but too clever for him. Edith is Mrs. Leverson is a real woman, quite aware of her position, and she refuses to get a divorce. She knows well enough that her idiot of a husband will come back very soon, and so he does. He slinks home, and expects things to go on as before. They do. And that, practically, is the story, but it by no means exhausts Mrs. Leverson's powers. There are delicious pieces of characterisation. Mr. Vincy, the family friend, is charming. Lady Everard, who always knows everything that is not, is adorable. The Mitchells, who give queer parties, would make a book by themselves. Quite a number of polite little problems are discussed in a polite little manner, and the book is over before you have had half enough. Which should be recommendation enough.

RALPH STRAUS

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GOLF.

The Parliamentary Handicap

THIS competition, which celebrated its coming of age last year, took a fresh shape this year. The competitors were divided into two classes, those below and those above a certain handicap, each class, if my memory is correct, qualifying by a preliminary stroke competition. The survivors then fought out their respective battles in their separate classes, the winner in each class at last meeting for the final decision of the prize. In the serpents' class, if I may so term it, Mr. Angus Hambro came out on top, while the chief of the rabbits proved to be Mr. Fred Hall. The former carried the heavy penalty of four strokes, while the latter was in receipt of fourteen strokes, so that Mr. Angus Hambro had to give his opponent fourteen strokes in each of the two rounds which had to be played in the final at Mitcham. This is a pretty liberal allowance, even for such a formidable boa-constrictor as Mr. Hambro to give, but he proved equal to the task, and devoured the chief of the rabbit clan in ferocious fashion. I doubt even whether the full handicap difference would have helped Mr. Hall. There is something terrifying and paralysing in the severity of the better player's game, and Mr. Hambro has been in admirable form this year, as he showed most conclusively at Westward Ho! His driving powers are famous, and he ranks as one of the longest hitters extant. It is not so much the carry as the long run that he gets out of his shots which makes the ball go so far. If he could be induced to take his golf a little more seriously he would do even better in big competitions than he has yet done. But perhaps in these serious days, when all games are dissected and analysed and we are implored to begin at once training our Olympic squad for the next Olympiad, four years ahead, it is just as well that we have light-hearted philosophers of Mr. Hambro's type, who appear at Championships and upset the apple-carts as he did at Westward Ho! and go through their games in jolly, careless, and devil-may-care fashion.

The Open Championship Delegates

There was only one point of any importance brought forward at the delegates' meeting at Muirfield. It consisted in a request submitted by the Professional Golfers' Association for representation on the board of delegates. This request, I am glad to say, was politely but firmly rejected. I have a great admiration for the P.G.A. in its proper sphere, in which it discharges its duties admirably, but that sphere does not include the politics or the control of the game in any of its departments. We mean to retain the amateur control of golf, whether of its government or its Championships, and we do not mean to fall into the ditch in which Association football has been floundering for many years.

ERNEST LEHMANN

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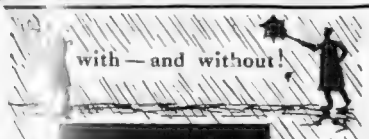

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RACING : Goodwood Prospects. BY CARBINE

Lomond and the Leger

There is generally a slack time in racing during August. The holiday season and the rush to the moors on the Twelfth help to keep the crowds smaller than usual, but we shall have something of special interest to discuss during the month in the prospects of the St. Leger. This will be a much more attractive race than it promised to be at one time. It is true that our three-year-olds are an indifferent lot, but it is by no means clear which is the best of them, and the great race on the Town Moor should help to settle that question. The latest event to add to the interest of the St. Leger is the agreeable resuscitation of Lomond. After a prolonged spell of physic the colt is now thoroughly cured of the trouble which prevented him from running in the Derby, and unless anything unforeseen occurs he will be in something like his best form at Doncaster. Well, we all know that Lomond was a smasher as a two-year-old, and if he can show the same form next month I fully expect him to beat Tagalie, Tracery, Hector, and Maiden Erlegh, and the other horses which are being talked about in connection with the St. Leger. The colt made many new admirers when beating Jaeger at Hurst Park on Saturday, and probably we shall see him at Kempton Park during the present month.

This Week's Meeting

Weather permitting, always a specially important proviso at Goodwood, we look like having a pleasant time at the picturesque meeting which is now progressing. Socially the success of the gathering seems to be thoroughly assured, while from the sporting standpoint there will be a number of races of absorbing interest. The pick of the two-year-olds will be seen out during the week. Among them is **Shogun,** who will be given an opportunity of showing his merit against such smart opponents as Golden Sun and the much-improved Harmonicon in the Lavant Stakes on Wednesday. On the same afternoon **Quickford** may win the Findon Stakes. The Goodwood Plate will be rather a moderate affair. I think that **Rot's Pride** will win it.

The Goodwood Cup

Visitors will hope to see Prince Palatine in the historic Goodwood Cup on Thursday. This race is noteworthy for surprises, and none will forget how Bayardo was bowled over two years ago. I fear no such disaster in the case of Prince Palatine, and in his absence I would choose Charles O'Malley. The Drayton Handicap on the same day may be won by **Cyllius.** On the last day of the meeting the Chesterfield Cup may be secured by **Hamerton,** and I suppose **Craganour** will continue his successful career in the Molecomb Stakes. The Gordon Stakes may be won by **Fantasio.** There promises to be an interesting race for the Nassau Stakes on the concluding afternoon, and the winner may be that good mare **Preferment.**

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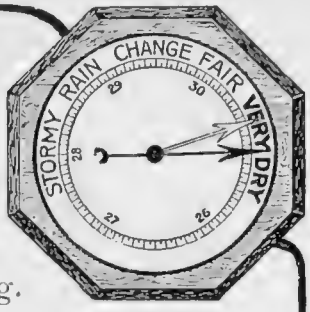

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GAMES & PASTIMES

THE WET SIDE OF SPORT

RICHARD ARNST

Of New Zealand, carrying in his new Australian-built boat in which he sculled his match with Barry for £1,000 and the "world's championship"

Why Water Attracts

This is the time of year when water (applied externally) is most particularly welcome and refreshing, and that is why, I suppose, water sports are just now most particularly popular. Not that in a contest of any kind one feels the water very much, even in swimming, in which, I suppose, you get about as close to it as you well can; the strain of the fight swamps all else; it's the general, more or less unconscious, idea of coolness that counts for so much. Besides, you've got the also quite sub-conscious feeling that even if you stop trying (which you haven't the least intention of doing) you have absolutely next door to you this wonderful, deep, soft, restful element instead of prosaic and unyielding grass-field, or asphalte or cinder-track.

The Regatta Season

With Cowes coming on next week, one almost hesitates to breathe the word "yachting," but there have been several regattas and races going on recently, some of them, like the meeting of the Royal Temple Y.C., being favoured with weather not so perfect as it might have been. One of the winners here, by the way (in the 15-metre class), was the German boat *Paula*, which won the King Cup last month at Kiel Regatta, which the German Emperor is trying to work up into a bigger thing even than Cowes. Another sort of regatta indigenous to the time of year which, I must confess, attracts me more is the up-river species, which, though sailing does not figure in the programme, includes practically every other kind of boat-spiel yet invented by the fertile mind of man. And it is the more exotic or frivolous sorts which one especially welcomes. *Pace* Mr. Covell and other experts, I am inclined to class punting among these rarer forms; certainly the public, which does not, as a rule, attend punting clubs' meetings, never gets such a chance of seeing this difficult art skilfully practised as at, say, Maidenhead or Cookham. And then there are all the various variations of canoe and other competitions, which are just more or less strenuous "rags."

Photographs *Muggeridge*

ERNEST BARRY

The English opponent of Arnst in the great sculling match held on the Thames last Monday

A Cheque Championship

I have tried to keep off the international topic, but, somehow, I can't help just breathing a quiet sigh of satisfaction over the Olympic successes of Leander in the eights (with New College runners-up) and Kinnear in the sculling races, with Thames second in the fours. Meanwhile the fact has not been allowed to escape our notice that we have been having an international, or, rather, inter-Empire, race in our own domains, and the question of the relative daily allowances of massage enjoyed by Arnst, of New Zealand, and Barry, of the Home Country, in preparation for Monday's race, has proved an absorbing topic to the public-spirited person or persons who (*vide* sporting papers) have been so excited over this "£1,000 match." And even if some few should have been prevented from witnessing the "championship" race, we have most of us had the reality of this great sporting fixture brought right home to us by the widely published picture of the two competitors, sitting at a table, it is true, and not in their boats, but holding what is much more important than a mere paltry scull—the actual and authentic £1,000 cheque!

Mid-Channel

As for swimming, the wettest of all the wet sports, this is the very height of the season for the open water and more attractive variety, though bath races and polo matches go on all the time. And although a number of championships are being decided just now—the 100 yards amateur at Manchester last Monday, closely followed by the 150 yards back-stroke at Gloucester, the mile at Exeter, and the 500 yards at Weston-Super-Mare—I suppose that "the blue riband of the swimming world" is now to be won only by accomplishing the Channel swim (it hasn't surely managed to avoid being called the "natatal Derby," or words to that effect, has it?). Burgess's success last year has apparently stimulated plenty of rivals, though it has rather dulled public interest for a time; even the incursion of Miss Rose Pitonof, from America, has failed to arouse much inter-natational excitement.

F. L. M. D.

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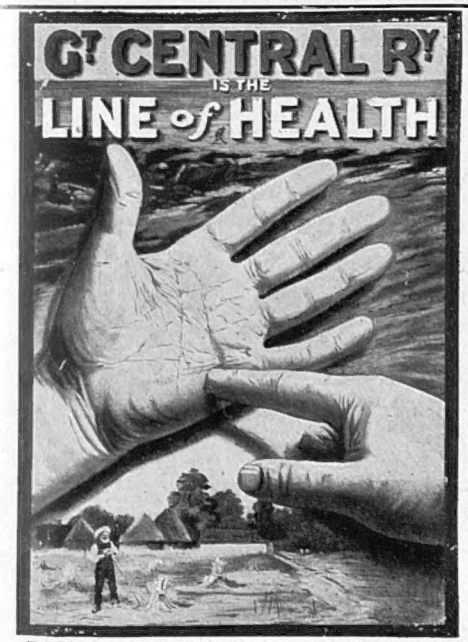

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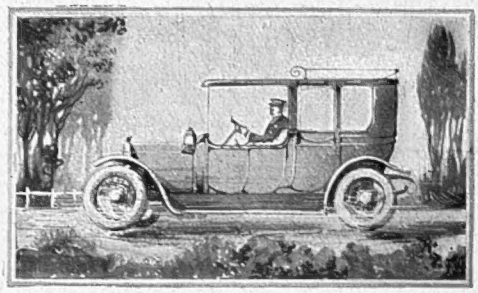

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Daimler

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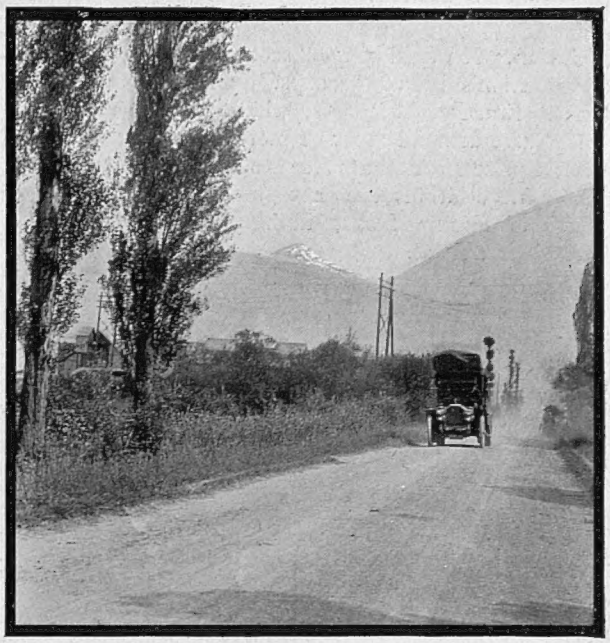


MOTORING IN SWITZERLAND

On the left, a car crossing the Alps at Le Châtelard to Chamonix, with the Aiguilles Rouges in the background. On the right, the Rhone Valley near the Gorge de Trient. The roads, though narrow in places, are generally excellent in these districts, while the motorist with any ordinary touring car need never be afraid of the gradients

MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

Petrol Price Protests

The petrol price protestants refuse to be comforted. One and sixpence per gallon, they say, is not warranted upon any rational ground. There is no shortage, no strikes, lock-outs, Acts of God or the King's enemies, no cause at all to justify present prices. They ask, more in anger than in sorrow, what is going to be done about it? And they hint at a very unhappy future for motoring organisations which do not take immediate steps to reduce the cost to a shilling a gallon.

Quaint Conceits

They are, however, guilty of one serious omission. They offer no suggestion of a possible way out. There is a quaint and certainly a very ill-defined idea abroad that a strong organisation of motorists has only to formulate its demand and the thing is done. The fact is, and we may as well face it, that if all the motorists in the country got together and made a fiercely unanimous demand, nothing would happen. The representatives of the petrol companies have made that rather pitilessly clear.

A Virtual Monopoly

The price of petrol has been settled for us. The price is high because there is no effective competition. There are oil fields still in the market, of course. Possibly a very strong organisation of motorists with a very large capital could purchase an oil field or two, could manufacture a sufficiency of essence to supply the British market, could buy and own its own tank boats and arrange its own distribution. All that may be possible. At any rate, it is the only way that has been mentioned as a possibility.

Facing the Facts

But such a co-operative concern has to be prepared to take the risks. One of those risks is the competition of perhaps the wealthiest and most powerful corporation in the world. The Co-operative Society of British Petrol Consumers has to meet this opposition probably at the source of supply, probably along the line of transportation, certainly in the market. It will, therefore, have to be very, *very* strong. It will probably have to trade at a loss. It will probably have to swear a great oath to stick by its own ship while the man who has contributed nothing to creating the competitive factor, and who has no money tied up in the co-operative field, will be purchasing his supplies at something less than the lowest price the co-operative society can possibly sell at. And if our co-operator survives that great test of the faith that is in him (and he *may* with his own money in the business), he may finally find his property depreciating in value by virtue of the use of alcohol or some other product as a fuel.

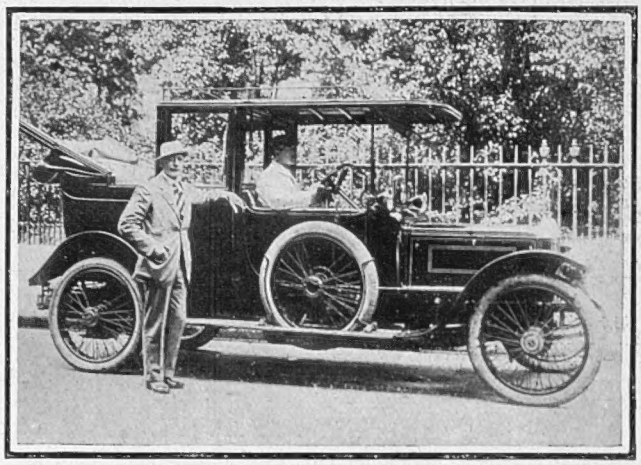
Anything Being Done?

That indicates very roughly one or two of the difficulties any motoring organisation has to contend against in this connection. There are other trade difficulties the private motorist wots not of, and cares about less. It is folly to suppose that nothing has been done. I do not know anything of the private affairs of the Automobile Association, but if that very live and impressively astute body did not long ago see all the potentialities of the successful supply of cheaper petrol to its members; if it has not been weeping tears of blood in an endeavour to plumb the depths of the problem, I should be astonished—almost as astonished as I should be to hear it had found the

solution. It would be *the* "scoop" of the Automobile Association's life of "scoops." Of course, it knows that. Equally, of course, whatever negotiations it may have in hand must be more or less secret. The petrol price protestants seem to imagine that because those negotiations are not placarded on the outer walls of Fanum House nothing is moving within. Which is absurd.

A National Concern

There is one other way, really the only finally effective way, but it widens the scope of these remarks beyond the immediate requirements of motoring. It is the national way. Oil fuel is a matter of national moment, a small one to-day; one of enormous importance to-morrow. Sea power, land power, air power may, doubtless will, all turn upon oil fuel to-morrow. We have to have a guaranteed source of supply. We have to own and control it. We have to ensure its free transportation. A Commission is already decided upon to inquire into the matter in special relation to the needs of the navy—a long, long way ahead, says Mr. Churchill. Not so long I imagine; a very short time indeed to the moment when the Admiralty Commission and a War Office Commission not yet born collaborate upon this particular subject. When as a result of their inquiries we get a nationalised supply the motorist may be able to secure cheaper petrol. At present he is a lamb led to the slaughter, and his bleats are in no way distressing the butcher.



WELL MATCHED

A famous actor (Lewis Waller) and his famous car (the new 38 h.-p. Daimler "Elford" Landaulette type)

In Compression

Healthy indeed. Rolls-Royce, Ltd., write to say that, exclusive of all advance bookings (and the constant excess of orders for Rolls-Royce cars in excess of the factory output, rarely leaves them with a car on hand, and often puts them several weeks in arrears) during a recent week all previous sales records were broken, while the booked orders for chassis over three weeks leaves all their other figures very deep in the shade.

Consider the Helsby tyre. Its upbuilding in alternate layers of pure rubber and canvas, compressed by a special process, results in a tyre that closes up over all those small flint cuts and abrasions which would otherwise start the process of rot and that disintegration of the foundations which mean a speedy end to the life of the cover. Certainly the Helsby stands among the first as a reliable and long-lived tyre with this added advantage, that, although without studs, its tread is so devised that it acts as a most effective nonskid. Cordially I endorse the claims of the Helsby.

Mr. H. Douglas Kerr, one time advertising manager to the Continental Tyre Company, and latterly in charge of the publicity department of the North British Rubber Company, has now been appointed assistant manager of the North British (Clincher) Tyre Sales organisation in Great Fortland Street. Heartiest congratulations.

Your second-hand car can be sold if you place it in the hands of JARROTT, LIMITED, 35, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, W., who have a special department dealing with second-hand car purchases and sales.

Save petrol by using the Claudel-Hobson Carburettor, which gives an economy of petrol up to 25% on full load, 35% on half-load, and 45% when running light.—H.M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.

HISTORY MADE AND IN THE MAKING

Dilworth Castle (background) represents history made. It was the seat of the last Earl of Derwentwater, executed on Tower Hill for loving the Stuart cause too well. The Tower Hill execution was always a dying industry. Many regret that to-day it is quite dead. The 17-25 h.-p. Armstrong Whitworth car, fitted with a Clifton two-seated body (foreground) represents history in the making—automobile history. It is a fine product of British engineering